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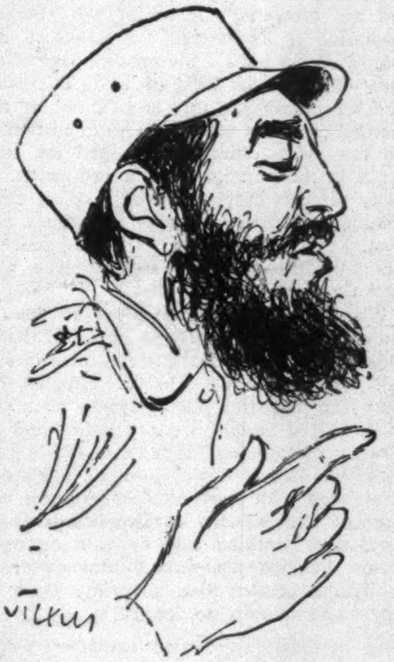

FIDEL CASTRO'S
CUBA
Kingsley Martin
writes on Cuba's
relations with the US

★

SURTAX BUDGET

★

Profile of Selwyn Lloyd
with Vicky drawing

★

AN EXECUTION
Peter Lewis

★

C. P. SNOW
Both Cultures

Washington's Fallen Angels

WHATEVER now happens in Cuba, the events of this week have detonated a crisis the end of which nobody – least of all the anxious man in the White House – can foresee. However the fighting ends, its aftermath cannot be confined to the island. Moreover, whether they like it or not, Mr Kennedy and his bright young team are involved in Cuba up to their necks. No doubt the ultimate responsibility for America's aggressive image rests with the Eisenhower administration. No doubt the Central Intelligence Agency has – as in the U-2 affair – acted to a large extent on its own responsibility.

But the world does not see it that way. Two weeks ago, the State Department published a document on Cuba which was a direct and seemingly intentional incitement to anti-Castro groups to invade the island. It is not disputed that these groups have received every kind of assistance from US government departments – in violation not only of the UN Charter, not only of the Treaty of the Organisation of American States, but even of the US federal Neutrality Act. Despite the pathetic efforts of Mr Stevenson at the UN to exculpate his government from responsibility, there is no doubt that international opinion holds the Kennedy administration to be morally and legally guilty of a bare-faced attempt to overthrow a neighbouring government by force.

This is bad enough. It is tragic to see Mr Kennedy and his advisers, whose first months in office had brought new hope to a sick world, wreck their reputation for straight-dealing in this miserable adventure. What is perhaps even more alarming is the apparent collapse of Mr Kennedy's judgment. That the CIA should be convinced by the raucous claims of the anti-Castro exiles that Cuba could be taken by a whiff of grapeshot is not surprising, for this organisation has an unrivalled reputation for folly and misjudgment. But that Kennedy, however unwillingly, should allow himself to be dragged in its wake at such appalling risk to both American prestige and world peace must shake our confidence in the hard-headed realism of the 'New Frontiersmen'.

For, whatever happens, the US and the West as a whole must lose. Castro will not be destroyed without bitter fighting and an ever-growing element of US intervention; and even if he eventually falls, the island will be torn by rival factions, each supported by its own patrons in Washington. If, on the other hand, he succeeds in crushing the invaders, the US will have sustained a political defeat of the first order, which must inevitably undermine the position of its remaining friends in Latin-America. The third possibility – a sustained civil war – is perhaps the most dangerous of all. For, if Castro is shown to have the bulk of the population behind him, and to be the victim merely of the superior weight of US equipment, Mr Krushchev will have little alternative but to redress the balance. Then we shall have a world crisis, and a crisis in which the two super-powers – unlike Suez, where they were united as peacemakers – are arrayed against each other as committed antagonists.

Let us not delude ourselves about Mr Krushchev's role. He is plainly anxious to limit his involvement; in all essentials, his note to Mr Kennedy was cautiously worded. He will presumably do all in his power to avoid a direct confrontation with the US over the Cuban parapet. But, like Mr Kennedy, he is not entirely his own master. We cannot expect him to sit by impotent while a client state is hacked to pieces. He has identified himself in the ideological dialogue of the Communist world with a thesis that war is avoidable and that the West – particularly under the new American leadership – is committed to moderate courses. He has based this analysis on the growing strength of the Soviet bloc, and the West's realisation of his will to use it. Cuba could put this thesis to the test. In the face of Chinese pressure on the Kremlin, we cannot afford to assume that, if this moment comes, Krushchev will display any greater wisdom than the fallen angels in Washington.

Comments on the Week's News

Cuba

The Base of the Invasion

K. S. KAROL *writes from Miami*: If the United Nations really wishes to know who is telling the truth – Roa, who accuses the US of aggression, or Adlai Stevenson, who denies American participation in the invasion of Cuba – it would be enough to send a commission of inquiry down here to Florida to talk to the Cubans. I have talked with Cubans of the earlier emigration who recall how the FBI treated Cubans trying to organise resistance to Batista, and contrast this to the way in which for the last year the Americans have protected, trained and equipped those who want to overthrow Castro. No one among the anti-Castro groups can deny this. Even today, when the American officials are asking for caution, the radio in Miami continues to appeal to the Cuban people, recruiting centres are open at four points in the city, and in the harbour I can see armed vessels ready to carry men and munitions to the rebels. Though a public-relations man working for the rebels is optimistically taking the names of those who want to be on the first plane into Havana, in the rebel headquarters in Miami there is less optimism. Thirty-six hours after the invasion began rebel spokesmen claimed that their immediate military objectives had been achieved, but added anxiously that victory depended on the defection of the Castro militia.

My principal informant was a prosperous Cuban who had held high posts under Batista, and for this reason had to keep himself in the background – though he is still influential. He told me that the Kennedy administration had imposed Cardona on the revolutionary movement and insisted that the revolt be launched under the slogan of 'Fidelism without Fidel'. But he added that the 'army of liberation' had been organised before this change of policy and that his friends, rather than those of Cardona, dominated it. Sr Garcia, a former Senator and representative of Batista at the UN, added that these *cadres* were more reliable, because the supporters of Cardona were infiltrated by Castro sympathisers. In any case, after Castro's defeat there would be free elections, and he believed that he and not Cardona would win them – a result of which it was believed the CIA would approve.

I find it hard to define the attitude of the American experts that I have met in Miami. It is a mixture of cynicism, naiveté and hypocrisy. Since they took part in the preparations for the invasion, they know that the operation was mounted by the US: and in private they admit that Castro was telling the truth about the bombing raids on Saturday and the source of the invasion. They also know that if nothing happens in Havana within a few days the Americans may have to envisage direct intervention or see their protégés defeated. They speak openly of a camouflaged bombardment of the base at Guantanamo as an excuse for direct American participation in this Cuban 'civil war', but they are quite well aware of the repercussions all this will have in Latin America.

This is Pan-American Week in the US. But when I talked about Latin America in Washington I was reminded of the way the Russians talked about eastern Europe before 1956: Americans feel they know what is good or bad for their 'bloc', and since Castro disrupted their conception of Fortress America, he has become their immediate enemy and must be overthrown at all costs. People here say they are not worried about Soviet action because Krushchev will not send rockets to defend Castro. But no one seems to consider the possibility that he will step up his arms supply or even send in 'volunteers'.

Moscow

At Last – A Hero

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: How much ink had been spilled in the Soviet press on the problem of finding a 'hero of our time', and how bored the public was with the merited oil-workers, virgin-lands volunteers and pioneers of Communist work teams held up as examples! And then, when in those 108 minutes that shook the world a real hero was created, there was really nothing for publicists, writers and journalists to do! Yuri Gagarin's picture and his own words were enough to project his personality on the public. The honest writers surrendered: both Sholokhov and Fedin confessed in print that words failed them. But not the hacks with whose aid *Pravda* had little difficulty in filling a special ten-page edition on 13 April.

The Russians did a tremendously effective job in covering the first cosmonaut story, and it is clear that something very important has happened in the *agitprop* department of the Central Committee. For one thing they let the story be told in unposed, untouched-up news photographs and by Major Gagarin himself, who was produced for the public to see with most commendable promptitude. Within a matter of minutes of the announcement of the successful landing we knew not only the nicknames of Yuri Alexeyevitch's children and the fact that he was fond of Jules Verne, but the far more important detail of 'human interest' that he had told his wife Velentina, who was nursing a month-old infant, that he had been told to stand by for a shot at space.

But the most unusual break from Soviet practice was the fact that the spaceship 'Vostok's' departure was announced before its safe return. Bearing in mind Major Gagarin's many statements that he himself had not the slightest fear that he would not return and that his pulse beats are reported to have remained steady as he ascended the lift to the top of the booster rocket, it would be well-nigh impossible to believe there had not been previous successful attempts – did we not have the word of the President of the USSR Academy of Sciences that the shot on 12 April was the first attempt at manned orbital space-flight.

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Strangely enough, it is the lifting of censorship on western correspondents' stories from Moscow that has made the Soviet news and information services pull their socks up. That and the crowning success of the younger generation in its struggle for power in the control of the press – the appointment of an under-40 to be the head of Tass. To Soviet working journalists, the 'liquidation' of the bearded comrades behind the green curtain of the censorship office has changed the time factor in the practice of their profession. In many respects they are now in direct competition with their 'capitalist' colleagues, and even, as the *Daily Worker* correspondent's report of an earlier space-flight showed, with their Communist ones.

Whether a new spirit is afoot or whether the cosmonaut story was so powerful that it simply overwhelmed the usual obstacles is still too early to say. The fact remains that American magazine photographers were able to defy Red Square security police and set up their cameras slap in front of the Mausoleum; the Moscow-Eurovision link was finally established with unexpected smoothness, and Russian and western correspondents found themselves working side by side on equal terms. Perhaps the general atmosphere of jubilation, greater than any time since VE day, had something to do with it.

Angola

Salazar's Achilles' Heel

A Special Correspondent writes: Despite a rigorous censorship, it is now clear that, during the past few weeks, several hundred Europeans and Africans have been killed in frequent fighting throughout the northern provinces of Angola. The Salazar dictatorship is now engaged in sending troops from Portugal by sea and air to reinforce the army and air force already stationed there. The situation spells urgent danger for the Salazar regime inside Portugal as well as for the autocratic structure of Angolan life. Discontent among the nearly five million Africans in the colony could be expected: forced labour, poverty and arbitrary legislation have been their traditional lot. Revolutionary changes around them and the disturbances across their border in the Congo, inhabited by members of their own Bakongo tribe, inevitably stir them to strife. But discontent in Angola is not confined to Africans alone. Salazar has continually exported his own unemployed peasantry to this colony, thus creating a large community of poor whites. Even the colonial business men grumble at being forced to buy only from their own country and to watch the larger share of their profits repatriated to Portugal. The church too has called for justice, charity and social reform. Add to this disturbed situation the unreliability of Portugese forces at home and abroad, and it is clear that Angola is likely to become Salazar's Achilles' heel. Unless the conflict is quickly suppressed a chain reaction may well extend it to Mozambique on the east coast of Africa and back to Portugal itself.

Kenya

A Questionable Triumph

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: The Colonial Secretary and the Governor of Kenya have undoubtedly scored a remarkable success – in the short term – by persuading Africans to join a government before Kenyatta is released. Ronald Ngala and his Democratic Union leaders have given way to pressure rather than risk the collapse of the new constitution. But the effect of this official success will be that the first government will be seen to represent a minority of the electors; for the majority party, the National Union, still refuses to join until Kenyatta is completely free. Moreover, Ngala and his colleagues are risking their political lives by appearing to back-down on the Kenyatta issue. The best hope of their survival – which is most desirable in the long term – is that the Governor may have given them a private assurance that as soon as the government is formed a date for Kenyatta's freedom will be announced. The fact remains, however, that official stubbornness over Kenyatta starts the new constitution off with the African parties dangerously divided along tribal lines, instead of being united as they are so successfully in neighbouring Tanganyika.

Defence

Feeling Blue

Blue – whatever its political connotations – is proving an unhappy colour for the Ministry of Defence. After the Blue Streak fiasco comes news that the Blue Steel stand-off bomb has run into trouble and is now seriously behind schedule. Blue Steel is a powered bomb (described by the government as of 'several hundred miles range', but in reality less than 200) designed to close the gap between 1962, when the V-bombers will be almost totally vulnerable to Soviet defences over the target, and 1965, when the Skybolt missile, it is hoped, will be available.

In other words, during these three years, the credibility of Britain's 'independent deterrent' will depend entirely on the efficacy of this weapon. It is a complex piece of machinery, and for some time there have been rumours of unsolved technical problems. Last July, Mr Watkinson, in a written answer, stated that Blue Steel 'will give several years of useful service before Skybolt is available'. This certainly implied operational availability in 1962. Last month, Mr Amery, the Air Minister, went further and stated flatly that Blue Steel 'is to be in service next year'. It can now be revealed that Blue Steel will not be available before 1963 or even 1964, and the Ministry, though it has refused any comment, must be seriously considering scrapping the project altogether. This would certainly have been done before if the available US equivalent, Hound Dog, designed for the massive B-52 bomber, could have been fitted to the Mark II V-bombers. Blue Steel was never more than a stop-gap; and if the gap it is designed to stop is now so small, there is a strong case for cutting our losses, for a good deal more money will be needed if Blue Steel's present difficulties are to be overcome.

The Ministry is also concerned by a further development: evidence of advanced Soviet work on long-range ground-to-air missiles. These might effectively check-mate the whole principle of stand-off bombing. For the present the Americans are going ahead with Skybolt, as insurance against snags in the Polaris programme (which is also running into serious technical difficulties). But if they become convinced that the Russians have an answer, then they can be expected to downgrade all work on stand-off weapons – thus knocking the final nail into the coffin of the British deterrent. And even if Skybolt does turn up, it is now certain that, for two or more years, Britain will have no deterrent capability whatsoever.

Fleet Street

The City Slickers

ARTHUR CHRISTIANSEN *writes*: When Sergeant Derek Dale of the Royal Corps of Signals was demobilised in 1947 he had not only served his country well but had used his spare time profitably to matriculate by post, thus putting the polish on what used to be known as an elementary school education. Returning to Holborn, his native district of London, he read that his local MP, Mr Max Aitken, would gladly give advice to unemployed ex-service constituents. Mr Aitken, the son of Lord Beaverbrook, was even better than his word for he gave Dale a job in the City Office of the *Daily Express* – and that was how the career of one of Britain's most powerful City editors was born.

Today Dale, a solemn bespectacled youthful-looking 35, is the £5,000-a-year financial adviser to the *Daily Mirror's* 4,600,000, and the *Sunday Pictorial's* 5,500,000 readers. He was lured from the Beaverbrook organisation in 1960 when Hugh Cudlipp, the editorial director of the *Mirror* group, realised that his working-class factory readership had plenty of money to invest and were learning to climb on to the financial gravy train, along with the black-coated pen-pushers who are accustomed to the intricacies of cheque books and banking accounts.

The perceptive Cudlipp was in fact only just in time in making the appointment, for financial journalism had become very good business indeed. With personal incomes having risen since 1954 by more than one-third – from £9,290 million to £13,000 million last year – the interest in investment has spread to every stratum of society. It is estimated that the number of shareholders in public companies is increasing at a rate of 100,000 a year and there are now 3,100,000 individual shareholders. Two years ago there were no investment clubs in this country; now there are more than 400 clubs in which people with modest incomes chip in what they can afford each week to buy stocks and shares on a co-operative basis.

NEXT WEEK

Students in the Sixties

A series of articles on the personal problems of today's students, including living costs, accommodation, social adjustment and the place of women

Castro's Cuba – II

KINGSLEY MARTIN

In industry, workers' share schemes are spreading. Two notable successes are those of Imperial Chemical Industries, whose employees have retained 60 per cent of the shares distributed to them since 1954, and Rugby Portland Cement who, in the following year, issued shares to workers on the bob-a-nob basis: any worker who put down £25 in 1955 now holds shares worth £2,200. National savings, building societies and unit trusts constitute other outlets for investment; in the case of the unit trusts their value today is in excess of £200 million against £80 million pre-war.

When Dale recently advised *Pictorial* readers to sell War Loan 3½ per cent (then £58 10s for the original £100 investment) he received 750 anxious letters by one post; when the *Sunday Express* pundit Edward Westropp advertised that he would give free financial advice he got 7,000 requests in a week, and even now, when he has been forced to abandon the advice bureau business, 300 readers seek his guidance every week if the market is active.

What are the qualifications of the City editors to give advice? Westropp joined an investment trust business at the age of 18 and ten years later became a free-lance journalist. Francis Whitmore of the *Daily Telegraph*, the doyen of the profession, is a Bachelor of Commerce, with a distinction in economics, Manchester University. Frederick Ellis, the peppery *Daily Express* City editor (and the only member of the group to be given the lead story in his paper on the morning after the Budget), began life as an office boy in the City and was trained first by pint-sized S. W. Alexander (now the owner of the prosperous *City Press*) and then by accountant-turned-journalist Stewart Gillies (now a Glasgow stockbroker). Others, like Patrick Sergeant of the *Mail* and George McCarthy of the *Herald* specialised after years of general reporting.

They are an honourable lot and, as they do not play the markets, they can give dispassionate advice. S. W. Alexander sees no harm in City editors being investors as distinct from in-and-out gamblers – nor do I – and sneered that the current crop of *Express* City editors were 'the Beaverbrook virgins' who did not invest because they had no money. This, as family men, they admit, but from personal experience I go on oath that it is principle, not cash, which motivates them. The breath of scandal has besmirched financial journalism on only a handful of occasions in the last 30 years, which is a remarkable record considering that advance knowledge of a newspaper tip could make its possessor a fortune.

Are the tips successful? By and large, yes: for the reason that the City editors play safe by recommending only good-class stock which is bound to appreciate in this inflationary age. When tips of a more speculative nature are hazarded warning signs are printed in black type and devices such as 'Mr Plunge' and 'Mr Prudent' are introduced.

But let it be said that, if the nation's new investors paid as much attention to company balance sheets as they do to mastering the intricacies of football pool permutations or racing form, they would not need the advice of the City editors, only the news that these worthies gather!

Westminster

Worse than the Budget

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes*: Some of them get up at four o'clock in the morning to bag a seat – and space in the lunch editions of the evening papers. At least 200, compared with a normal 20, crowd into prayers; and thereafter they sit, longing for a smoke or a cuppa, crammed together on the benches through questions to whose answers no one listens, through a maze of figures which they could have studied comfortably at home weeks ago, waiting for what? For the few revelations which the Chancellor will make at the end of his speech and which they could pick off the tape, only a few minutes after delivery. This annual passion for listening to the Budget speech is as inexplicable as the event itself is boring.

The sketch writers try to find something new to describe the scene; but it's the same old stuff – the carefully timed entrance of the Chancellor with his ghastly little box, the stale pre-Budget jokes – 'You won't expect me to anticipate my Right Honourable Friend's statement' – Mr Gerald Nabarro's shining black topper. They've seen it all before and this year had to make what they could out of Mr Leo Abse, the Labour member for Pontypool, who hoped to take the mickey out of overdressed Tories by appearing in an outfit designed for a bookie, but merely succeeded in having the mickey taken out of himself.

No, the Budget is not for me; unhappily another event of real importance, Spurs' victory over Sheffield Wednesday, which gave them the championship, was not for me either, because on that Monday I was playing football in the House of Commons. You may remember how, some months ago, professional footballers threatened to strike and how the Ministry of Labour got players and Football League bosses together and devised a basis for settlement. This settlement called for the abolition of the maximum limit on wages and a drastic modification of the retain-and-transfer system, under which hitherto a player has been held to a club by his contract even after that contract had expired.

After the settlement, Mr Joe Richards, the chairman of the League, and Mr Jimmy Hill, the chairman of the Football Players Association, were photographed shaking hands with an enthusiasm which appeared genuine. Subsequently, however, the Football League announced (a) that the players had tried to vary the agreement about transfers; (b) that the Ministry of Labour had misinterpreted the agreement; and (c) that there never had been an agreement. This was in line with the defence put up by a man who was accused of breaking a borrowed umbrella. He said (a) that he never borrowed the umbrella (b) that he returned the umbrella in a perfect state of repair; and (c) that the umbrella was broken when he borrowed it.

The House of Commons will stand for much; but it won't stand for this sort of thing. When questions were asked about it, the pre-Budget chatter dropped to a level at which it was actually possible to hear Mr John Hare's answers and these turned out to be the sharpest rebuke to a set of employers that I have ever heard from the government dispatch box. What effect that will have remains as doubtful as the good intentions of a football club director.

What also remains in doubt is the future of Mr Anthony Wedgwood Benn. He has been re-adopted by South-east Bristol, will not be opposed there by the Liberals and though there will be a challenge from Tory freedom he is certain to be re-elected. But while the composition or at any rate the mood of the present House of Commons remains unchanged, he is equally certain to be refused his seat. One understands the Tory line on this – that Benn is demonstrating against the hereditary principle and holding the House of Lords up to ridicule. Therefore he must be opposed. But what of those Labour members who refused to follow the main party line on this and sloped off unpaired when last week's vote came? Some, maybe, were tired and wanted an early train home. Some, maybe, just cannot work up interest on this particular issue. A very few, still stirred by older instincts, perhaps, will not do a hand's turn to help a Public school boy. One solution suggested for next time is that the Chief Whip should say in advance that only those voted to free Benn from a hereditary peerage would themselves be eligible for a life peerage; but I doubt that even this would seriously swell Benn's vote. One needs a three-line whip for that.

The Surtax Budget

Mr Lloyd's Budget marks a turning-point in British politics. For the first time since the Conservatives returned to power ten years ago a Chancellor has produced a Budget with no damned nonsense about equality. That is a triumph for the Tory individualists, who believe in inequality as a matter of principle – as a just reward for the successful and the most compelling incentive to the rest. The growing influence of this doctrine in the Conservative Party, which Mr Peter Townsend analysed in detail in this journal last week, had already been shown when Mr Enoch Powell raised the charges for the Health Service and contributors were made to pay higher poll-taxes to meet the increased cost of pensions. Mr Lloyd's abolition of surtax on all earned incomes below £5,000 – and the accompanying relief for those above that level – underlines the point.

This is not a casual concession to the well-to-do supporters of the Macmillan government, tossed in when it is safely between elections, but part of a deliberate strategy to make private enrichment rather than collective endeavour the economic mainspring of our society. It means that Britain will increasingly move away from the confused moderation of the Butskell era towards much more sharply defined alternatives of economic and social policy. Mr Lloyd and Mr Powell are staking their futures on the belief that a Tory society will work best if it abandons its egalitarian camouflage – save for a safety-net to protect the very poor – and are boldly committing themselves to run the economy on the premise that the public good follows from the search for private gain.

But will it? Though the Labour Party will rightly criticise this Budget for giving more to those who have and for failing to help those in need, it must also be criticised on its own assumptions for its irrelevance to the central problem of the economy – the necessity of expansion. Unless investment increases, unless output and exports rise, we shall have both inequality and stagnation, private gain, in other words, without the public good. And this is what is likely to follow the Budget.

No one will seriously claim that the incentive offered by surtax cuts will 'move Britain ahead'. They are a pleasant plum for the rich, but in economic terms they are merely symbolic. Paid for, moreover, by an increase in profits tax they may result in less net saving than before, since part of this bonus will be consumed, while companies anxious to maintain their dividends will plough less of their profits back into new investment. Nor will more flexible provisions for purchase-tax and the novelty of a payroll-tax be adequate to secure the selective investment that is essential: these have been introduced because monetary policy has proved too cumbersome (and is now less flexible than before because it must be geared to international interest rates), while restrictions on hire-purchase have proved too drastic.

There is something to be said for giving a Chancellor powers to vary indirect taxes within a defined margin as changing conditions within a financial year dictate. Intelligent economic policy should not be linked too closely to a Budget timetable; and just as there is a need for planning over a series of years, so a government requires some room for manoeuvre between Budgets. There is also a good case for a payroll-tax which will encourage investment in machinery and discourage the wasteful use of labour. But both measures must be used selectively. Purchase-tax should not be employed to damp down demand indiscriminately – in the same style as a high Bank rate – if inflation develops, though that is what Mr Lloyd seems to have in mind. It should be used to steer demand in a way that concentrates production and investment where it is most required. Similarly, a payroll-tax must be used, in association with other financial measures, to strike the proper balance of economic priorities – of which aid to exports is one. It must also permit exemptions where the public interest would be harmed by price increases or unemployment. Transport undertakings, essential foodstuffs, building (for schools, hospitals and public housing) and industries in depressed areas are cases in point.

Perhaps Mr Lloyd intends to do this – but there was no indication of it in his speech on Monday. And, if it was his intention, it seems extraordinary that he is doing nothing to stimulate investment by increases in capital allowances. The clue may be found in the tone of this speech. Recounting with commendable candour the failure of the economy to grow in the last year, he offered little prospect that it would expand greatly in the coming year. On the contrary, he seemed far more concerned with the dangers that inflation might offer to our balance of payments; and the measures that he has kept in reserve are hedges against that.

He has, therefore, produced a Budget that, in embodying the social philosophy of his party, is politically imaginative and, in a technical sense, includes some necessary innovations – not least the overdue beginning of taxes on TV advertising. It is not, however, the Budget of an optimist. Aware that an economy which is at the mercy of the market steers a perilous course between an exchange crisis and inflation, he has opted this year to protect the pound. For the present the country must be content with the image of the Tory society, not its expected rewards.

FIDEL CASTRO'S CUBA

1 – Relations with the US

KINGSLEY MARTIN

When I left Havana some weeks ago, Cuban leaders were already convinced that an attempt would shortly be made by Cuban exiles in Miami, Guatemala and perhaps elsewhere in the Caribbean to invade Cuba and establish a bridgehead where a 'provisional government' would be set up on Cuban soil. This could be achieved only with the aid of unofficial CIA supplies and equipment provided by Allen Dulles. Apart from ample private information – nothing in the Caribbean is very private, least of all gun-running – they could also cite, for example, the authority of the Wall Street Journal *(27 February last), which gave details of these preparations and made it clear they were supported by the Pentagon. A number of sea and air raids on Cuba have taken place during recent months; arms dropped for the use of the defeated rebels in the Escambray have added to Castro's already well-stocked arsenal. No one knows just how many militia Castro has at his disposal. A low estimate is a quarter of a million; most of these young men and women will regard it as an honour to offer their lives for the revolution.*

In recent weeks the State Department has attempted to dissociate itself from the most violent and least reputable 'Batista elements' among the refugees. But so much evidence of CIA support for the long-expected invasion of Cuba has been published that it seems impossible for America now to convince the world that this is purely a Cuban civil war. On the contrary it is clear that the US is open to the charge of giving illegal support to a military attack on a country with which America is not at war. The international implications of being involved in a shooting match in Latin America will not be underestimated by the astute politician who now occupies the White House.

The chief difference between Washington today and last year is that Mr Kennedy reads for himself and is surrounded by intelligent men who differ much in opinion, but are at least aware of the world situation. They know that the democratic nationalism which swept Europe in the 19th century has in the last decade ended colonialism in Asia, and in the last two years changed the face of Africa. They do not need to be told that Fidel's victory in Cuba is the beginning of a similar revolutionary challenge in Latin America. They are aware that, where colonialism has not been ready to recognise the claims of the new nationalism, Communism has known how to foster and exploit it. The US has already burned its fingers more than once in Asia. It may suffer a far more serious hurt in Latin America.

After a visit of two and a half weeks to Havana and other parts of Cuba, followed by an intensive period of inquiry elsewhere in the Caribbean and in the US, I find myself grouping the issues raised by the Cuban revolution under three main heads. First, the relation of Cuba to the US and the question whether direct conflict between them is inevitable; secondly, the practical achievements of Fidel and the question in what sense, if any, Cuba is now to be regarded as a Communist state; and thirdly, the international impact of the Cuban revolution and its effect on the Cold War in Latin America and beyond.

One of the first people I talked to outside Havana was a husky American engineer in charge of a large agricultural project. He was seething with indignation about the American press. He quoted a headline 'Castro Orders Yankees Shot on Sight'. The justification for this alarming suggestion was a small paragraph reporting Fidel's warning to Americans 'in the event of an American invasion of Cuba'. This engineer, who had been working in Cuba for more than a year, said he knew nothing about the charge of Communism, but surely I could see with my own eyes, couldn't I, the good houses that Fidel had built for the workers? They had better wages and food, and felt, for the first time in history, that somebody cared about them. He got on well with the workers and management and was angry because, when he flew across to Florida, he couldn't convince his American friends that Cuba was an agreeable place to live in and for peaceable citizens a much safer one than New York.

Later, in the United States, I found that newspaper readers were convinced that Cuba was something between a snake-pit and a leper colony. Taxi-drivers, a singularly independent race in Washington and New York, stared with horror when I said I had been to Cuba. If I added that it wasn't as bad as it was painted, their eyes took on that glazed look which means that you don't have to quarrel with a dollar, even from a Commie or a nutty British Socialist. Americans are presented with a picture of a country of semi-starvation and bloodshed. They've even been fed with a marvellous story of a vast Russian rocket base, apparently built on the lines of Graham Greene's model in *Our Man in Havana.* These stories seem to come either from imaginative exiles in Miami or from counter-revolutionary gossip in Havana.

Ruby Hart Phillips, still *New York Times* correspondent in Cuba, could refute her picture of ordinary life in Havana merely by taking a walk in the streets near her own office. I have met comfortable Cubans who have said that they could buy nothing in the shops and who, when pressed, pleaded a difficulty in purchasing toilet paper. The significant facts about shortages were revealed to me by a foreign resident who complained of not being able to provide cereals for her children's breakfast and told me that when she tried to buy the usual neatly-packed package of cooking fat, she was offered instead a dark liquid which had come in a barrel from Russia. She could have as much as she wanted if she brought a container.

Castro has been bitterly criticised for executing about 600 people since he won power in January 1959. I would never make light of the execution of one man, let alone 600. But it is well to get the facts straight and in proportion. About two-thirds of these executions took place in the early days of the revolutionary regime, and on this score Castro's critics attack him because they were carried through by Court Martial and without 'due process of law'. Most of those who were shot were admittedly Batista's murderers and torturers, who had been responsible for the deaths of some 19,000 or 20,000 Cubans. There was no pretence of justice about Batista's killings; many of the victims – I do not know how many – were allowed to bleed to death after being castrated.

A New-style Liberator

Much of the criticism of Fidel's executions has arisen from the mistaken assumption, almost universally made in 1959, that he was carrying out one of the familiar Latin revolutions in which a 'liberator', having overthrown an unpopular dictator, shoots comparatively few of his defeated enemies in the knowledge that he will himself be thrown out as soon as he has accumulated a sufficient personal fortune and is threatened by a dangerous number of enemies. Castro's revolution was very different. It has been violent because after an attempt at the legal deposition of Batista, he and a group of other middle-class revolutionaries decided that violence was the only way. There is no charge of sadism against Fidel or his followers. Nor could I learn that anyone has yet been executed on ideological grounds. Fidel has shot or imprisoned people who have plotted against him, thrown bombs, or taken up arms to overthrow his regime.

As revolutionaries go – I mean revolutionaries who set out to change the basis of society – Fidel's record has been comparatively mild. The revolution, still only half-accomplished in Mexico, is estimated to have cost about a million lives; 300,000 peasants were killed in Colombia between 1948 and 1957 without any memorable American protest, and many bourgeois regimes are firmly based on the mass-murder of working-class opponents. The Third Republic in France, for instance, was built on the corpses of some 30,000 workers shot by Thiers after the Paris Commune. A 'terror' is always horrible whether of the left or right. Counter-revolutionaries are usually more thorough than revolutionaries; Bela Kun, for instance, was ruthless enough in Hungary, but he was gentleness itself compared with the White Terror that followed. It has not been true that there is a terror in Cuba, but now that the regime is being attacked from outside, the Communists may well take charge, and Fidel will agree to any measures, however bloody, considered necessary to maintain the revolution. If counter-revolution were to win in Cuba, a bloodbath of far more appalling dimensions would be inevitable.

The visitor to Cuba is unlikely to hear of any violence, unless he happens to be in the vicinity of a bomb planted in a girls' school or some such place by Fidel's opponents. (Most of the bombs that have been dropped have been mainly a noisy form of protest similar to those that Fidel's followers dropped before he came to power. Some recent bombs, however, have been more lethal.) The visitor will find, as I did, that he can hire a car or go by plane without any interference to any part of the country where military operations are not actually taking place. He can talk at will with Cubans, though those opposed to Castro will prefer not to say much in public places. If the visitor has romantic ideas about revolution, he will be disappointed to find everyday life in Havana somewhat dreary. The exception, in my experience, was the carnival which was taking place at the week-ends. That was traditional, beautifully managed and packed with fun.

I stayed first at what used to be the Hilton Hotel, now called the Havana Libre. I was given a magnificent room with a gorgeous view on the 19th floor; when tourists used it, its price was $30 a night; I paid $12. There seemed no one else staying up aloft, though I was told afterwards that some sinister Russians were also there. The empty hotel was intolerably eerie. The well-trained staff, now government employees, are all guaranteed employment. In the glamorous roof garden on the 25th floor, you are likely to be the only person being served by several bored bar-tenders.

There is talk of turning the Havana Libre into a hospital – the sort of transformation to appeal to Fidel, who sees no difficulties that cannot be overcome. The staffs of these magnificent luxury hotels are not, however, wholly unemployed, for Fidel brings delegations of peasants and workers from the country to gaze on the heritage that once belonged to the rich foreigner and which, they are told, now belongs to them. A few miles away, they visit bathing beaches where hundreds of elaborately equipped bathing huts have been prepared for the proletariat. Peasants brought to Havana certainly get a kick out of seeing the expensive new housing estate that Fidel has built for the workers, and they are assured by everything they see that Fidel is turning the privileges of the rich into a holiday opportunity for the poor. Some of them may be seen at night in the casinos which, forbidden elsewhere, are still allowed in the biggest hotels because, I was told, the profits made at roulette and baccarat reduce the deficit on the upkeep of the hotel.

Nothing could more conclusively show that Fidel is not an indoctrinated Communist than his remark that he will never deprive the present generation of pleasure for the theoretical benefit of future generations. His idea is the romantic one of making peasants and workers happy now in their own Socialist paradise. Here he differs essentially from the Communists, who, in the Soviet Union, have confounded the orthodox economists by showing that a Socialist economy can save more ruthlessly at the expense of the workers' living standards than any capitalist state was ever able to do. This, after all, is the logic of the gospel of progress which justifies anything today if it contributes to the hypothetical well-being of the future. It is a hangover from 19th century protestantism; it substitutes paradise on earth for heaven in the skies. Today, Communists are the only people who believe in progress.

Not all Americans accept a one-sided picture of the Cuban revolution. It is a significant fact that *Listen Yankee* by C. Wright Mills, who teaches sociology at Columbia University, has had an American sale of 400,000 copies. Re-christened *Castro's Cuba,* this book has just been published in this country.* It is a frank statement of Fidel's views and Cuba's case against the United States. It has been absurdly attacked on the ground that it is not sociology but propaganda. In fact it is the raw material on which sound sociology must be based. For Wright Mills carried with him a miniature tape-recorder, which recorded several days of incessant conversation with Fidel and his most able associate, 'Che' Guevara. Thus his book is a piece of reporting of the most accurate type – one that is likely to be copied by many scrupulous reporters.

The Young Americans

Many young Americans who read what Fidel and his companions said to Wright Mills understand, as most of the older generation do not, how the United States looks to Cuban revolutionaries. People of leftish persuasion may have followed Cuban events in the New York *Nation,* which has regained some of its past glory by steadily reporting and interpreting the Cuban revolution. The *Nation* has the distinction of being the first American paper to report the invasion preparations in Guatemala. An increasing number too now read *I. F. Stone's Weekly;* a tribute to its objectivity is paid in the recent State Department pamphlet.

Many of the more left-wing students will also have studied *Cuba* by Leo Huberman and Paul Sweezy, editors of the *Monthly Review* †. Though its analysis is Marxist, it

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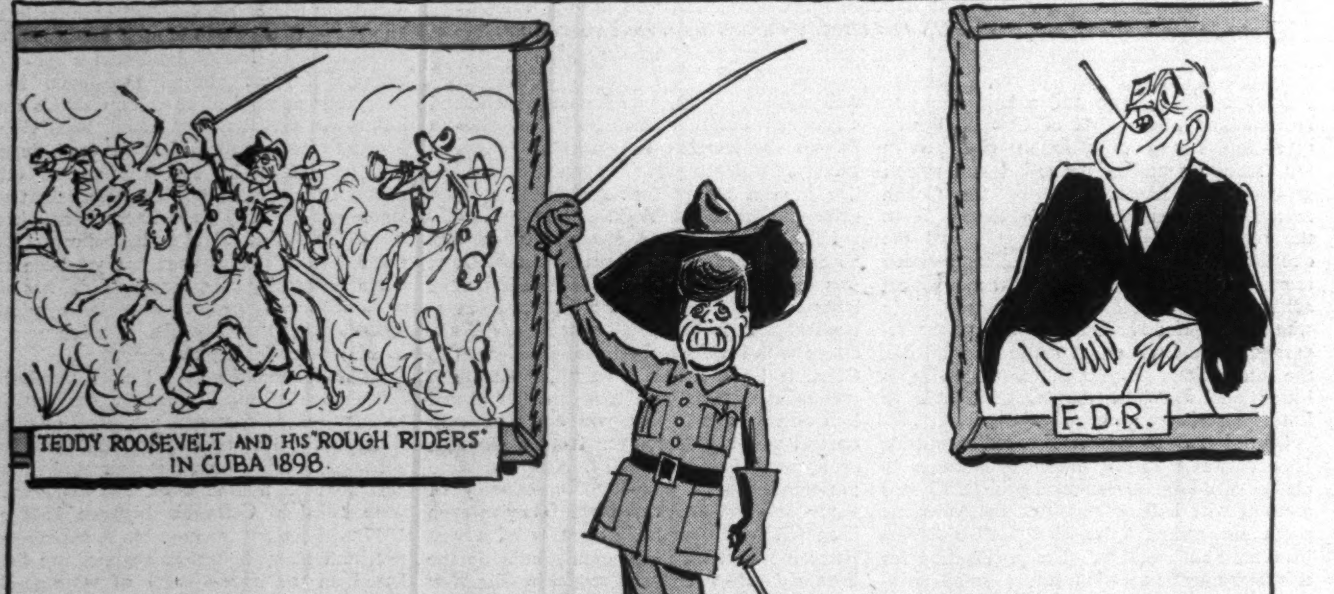
* *Secker and Warburg,* 16*s.*

† An English edition is now published by *Routledge & Kegan Paul* (at 25*s.*).


TEDDY ROOSEVELT AND HIS "ROUGH RIDERS" IN CUBA 1898
F.D.R.
VICKY

'Well, I did *say I'd follow in Roosevelt's footsteps . . .'*

Man who flies through space..

must still come down to earth

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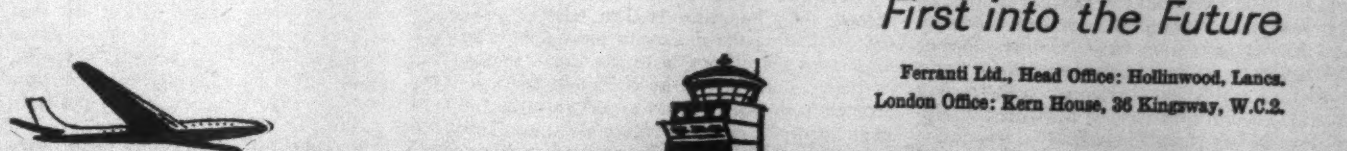


annoys Communists by suggesting that a genuinely Socialist revolution has been successfully carried out by others than the Communist Party, which indeed only climbed on to Fidel's band-waggon when it was clear that the man it had dismissed as a middle-class adventurer really meant business. Even those who are not interested in Marxism may have discovered from the wise comments of Walter Lippmann in the *New York Herald-Tribune* and the admirably level-headed and deeply informed Herbert Matthews of the *New York Times* that, if Cuba is dominated by Communism today, that is in large part the direct result of American policy.

State Department Hypocrisy

There are thus many Americans, whose views are but little represented in the United States press, who understand why revolutionary Cuba regards the State Department denunciation of Fidel's regime as hypocritical. It is indeed a remarkable document, well-marshalled, accurate in detail and well-documented. It conclusively shows that Cuba has now become totalitarian, is increasingly under Communist influence and is highly dangerous to capitalism in Latin America. Its suggestion that Cuba might somehow rid itself of its economic and political ties with the Communist world would be naive, if it were sincere. Whatever arguments may be brought forward about Fidel or Che's early associations with Communism or about the date at which Fidel abandoned his original liberalism, it is indisputable that the United States itself compelled him to rely on Soviet imports by boycotting Cuban sugar, and was responsible for making Cuba wholly dependent upon Soviet oil. What is the object of evading the truth that Cuban economy is, by America's own decision, now entirely dependent on the USSR; that no light can be switched on, no meal cooked or car driven without Soviet goodwill?

In the light of these facts, President Kennedy's remarks about Cuba in his State of the Union Message are strange reading. He said that America did not quarrel with Cuba because of

> the people's drive for a better life . . . Our objection is their domination by foreign and domestic tyranny . . . Cuban social and economic reform should be encouraged. Questions of economic and trade policy can always be negotiated. But Communist domination in this hemisphere can never be negotiated.

As Fidel's followers see it, Castro's revolution heroically ended the foreign tyranny of American business and the domestic tyranny of Batista – who was praised to the skies by American ambassadors and, until his odious regime was obviously tottering, supplied by the US with arms to slaughter his fellow-countrymen. They did not wish to be dominated by Russia; America, they regret, left them with no other source of help. Nor is it possible for the followers of Fidel to regard as anything but hypocrisy any official expression of American desire for the economic welfare and political freedom of the Cuban and other Latin-American peoples. President Kennedy and his advisers may have become alive to the necessity of food and freedom in Latin America. But when Guatemala attempted a liberal revolution in 1954, it was forcibly suppressed by the United States.

America has in fact consistently supported cruel and reactionary dictators throughout Latin America. Young Cubans will not believe that these bellicose exiles abroad are controlled and led, as the State Department now suggests, by the liberal idealists who, as Fidel has claimed, supported him in the early days because they 'wanted revolution but not too much revolution'. Many of these men, to Fidel's expressed regret, went into voluntary exile where the invasion of Cuba was already being openly planned by former soldiers of Batista and profiteers, including American gangsters who built some of Havana's biggest hotels and ran its gaming houses and brothels. Behind them are the big-business concerns whose object is once again to make vast profits out of Cuban sugar, tobacco and cattle.

It is too late now for the American administration to take notice of such facts as those recorded by Thomas Wolfe last July in the *Washington Post;* that before Fidel's reforms a Cuban 'might have to go three miles for water . . . 40 miles for a doctor . . . and ten miles to bury the dead. He had no radio and no daily newspaper. There were no schools . . . the government did nothing but harass them with soldiers, rural guards and taxes'. The State Department makes no positive proposals for helping Cuba and says nothing of the fact that perhaps a third of this wonderfully fertile island was kept out of cultivation by the owners of its latifundia, while the peasants, who cut the sugar crop, went hungry for the remaining two thirds of the year for lack of land on which to grow food. These conditions did not worry the United States in the past; and it has not been the liberal emigrés, ready to accept 'Fidel's revolution without Fidel,' who have received most help from Allen Dulles. In the past few weeks it has been reported that Kennedy has been trying to exclude 'Batista elements' from the ambit of American aid, but no one will seriously question that the extreme reactionaries who are now directing – mainly from Guatemala – the invasion of Cuba, have received money and arms from the American administration.

Kennedy is of course also aware that there are many thousands in Latin America who are anti-Communist, but who have taken Cuba's side because the US is supporting a shooting war. Despite official protestations that the US is playing no direct part in the anti-Castro war, the cry will be raised that America is once again intervening, denying Latin American countries their sovereignty; once again 'sending in the Marines' to destroy the liberties of those to whom Roosevelt promised to be a 'good neighbour'. He may also be aware that there are many Americans today who recall the past and sympathise with Cuba. I have seen no publicity on this aspect of the matter; but now that the US has aided and armed a Cuban invasion, I expect to see a novel kind of unrest in the US.

The American press is now giving publicity to a new Fascist party called the John Birch Society. Its extravagance can be measured by its allegation that Eisenhower was a Communist stooge. But because it is lunatic, it is not necessarily unimportant. It represents a trend in American society which is more than a hang-over from McCarthyism. At the same time, a new spirit is alive among students in the universities. An American friend, who is in a good position to know, informs me that many students now regard the Cuban revolution and the issue of American intervention in precisely the same way as students in many countries regarded the Spanish Civil War in the Thirties.

(Another article by Kingsley Martin will appear next week)

The Mouse that Roared

To watch the House of Commons on Budget Day is to watch men who are satisfied they control the money-bags: this is the one thing which they can do and no one else, and this is the one day in the parliamentary year which can truly be called a House of Commons occasion. But for one man the day has a sharper meaning, particularly if, like Selwyn Lloyd, he is opening his first Budget. For six months, the Chancellor has been shielded from the public gaze, from debate and even from Question Time, by his Financial and Economic Secretaries. During the long winter months, as the draft estimates of the departments reached the Treasury, he has begun the protracted business of paring them down: first a shot across their bows, from the Permanent Secretary; then a series of small boarding parties, men trained by the Treasury in close hand-to-hand fighting, in legitimised piracy, to tear out all the unnecessary extravagances below deck; and then, if these preliminary engagements have proved indecisive, a full-scale political battle, fought in Cabinet.

When the estimates have at last been agreed, the Chancellor is then left with the task of finding the money to meet them: he must trim his proposals to the needs of the economy, but also to the claims of the government's supporters who expect rewards for their loyalty at past and future elections. This balancing of claims and resources is political decision at its most strenuous, and it has to be done alone, for the Chancellor is alone throughout this period of gestation. It is only when his proposals are complete that they are revealed to his colleagues in the Cabinet.

On the day, therefore, when the Chancellor presents his proposals to the House, everyone knows he bears a particular responsibility for them: he can blame no one but himself if they do not satisfy. For two hours or more, he must hold the House, which is waiting only for the interesting bits at the end. It is an alarming test. When it is a man's first Budget, it is almost as agonising to watch as to endure. In his first Budget speech, Mr Macmillan whimsically miscalculated the mood of the House; no one who heard it will ever forget those first disastrous ten minutes; then came the brilliant, unexpected recovery, as he suddenly skipped ten pages of his notes and came to business.

It was with such thoughts in one's mind that one arrived to watch Selwyn Lloyd open his first Budget. Until Monday afternoon, he had never risen in the House to defend policies which could clearly be seen to be his own, even to bear the marks of his own mind or personality. He had always been suspected of tilting for his overlords. But, on Monday, there he was alone, defending for the first time proposals which were his alone. There can be no doubt that, from Lloyd's viewpoint, the performance was a success. He now emerges as a major figure in British politics – albeit a dull one – for the first time.

Yet, however dull a man may seem, there can be nothing in itself dull about a politician who, like Selwyn Lloyd, has held high office for ten long years; who has enjoyed the confidence of men as dissimilar as Churchill, Eden and Macmillan; and who has survived the most bitter vilification which any minister has had to endure in this century. Dull he may be. But dull he cannot be. As well, the biologists tell us, say that ditchwater is dull; it is, in fact, teeming with insect and microbe life; and in ditchwater, too, tadpoles can become frogs.

The most interesting personal characteristic of Selwyn Lloyd is that he can endure, even cultivate, loneliness. He can be a pleasure to talk, and to listen to. But he does not seem to require company, or even friends. He walks a lot by himself. Is he shy, or has he armoured himself against personal hurts? Even those who know him disagree. His personal qualities are, in fact, not all the conventional ones which the public, seeing only his respectable, middle-class figure, would expect. Some publicists, the less knowing of them, who still like to stigmatise him as the district councillor from Hoylake, would be put out if they knew anything of his raffish side, of his attraction to floridness, even occasionally, excess. He surprised only those who knew nothing of him, when he appeared in a BBC's programme to pay a personal tribute to his friend Gilbert Harding. It was an unconventional thing for a Chancellor of the Exchequer to do. It was wholly characteristic of Selwyn Lloyd.

It was, for one thing, characteristically loyal. The clue to his public character lies in his behaviour during and after Suez, and his reaction to the cruel treatment he received, even from those whom he was protecting. The qualities he displayed then may have seemed to be ordinary ones; but they were of no ordinary order, and the patient and uncomplaining loyalty was the most remarkable of them. Loyalty to what, to whom?

If it was loyalty only to his chief, this would not necessarily be an admirable political quality. But the point of Lloyd's loyalty will be lost if it is imagined it is only a personal allegiance, given first to Eden and then to Macmillan. In order to understand it, we must turn to another of his qualities. He is one of the most thoughtful men in politics today. This is not apparent in his public utterances, for Selwyn Lloyd is at his best in council, in his department, but, above all, alone.

He deserted his Liberal upbringing for the Conservative Party during the depression of the Thirties, because he came to the conclusion that Liberal economics were out of date in the modern world. He made the same realistic, unemotional assessment of the changed conditions in Britain's position in the world since the war. He talks vividly and forcefully of the fact that Britain's withdrawal from India was the really fundamental change after 1945. We have not, cannot, he says, yet understand all its implications, and he will develop this theme in private with a clarity which leaves one gasping at the pedestrian explanations of his foreign policy which he used to give in public.

There is no doubt that this side of him was deeply unhappy about many of the aspects of the Suez episode; yet he defended it in public, both at home and in the United Nations. It should be noticed, however, that he never said anything gratuitously provocative, as Eden did. It should be remembered, also, that it was he who played the most important role in restoring relations with Nasser. It could not, in the circumstances, be an attractive task, yet he undertook it, quietly and in the face of considerable humiliations, and he did it. Here lies the clue to Selwyn Lloyd as a politician: those qualities which are usually shrugged off, for want of a better explanation, as loyalty, courage and sheer doggedness. He has, in fact, a considerable political philosophy, and one which has been thought out, at least to his own satisfaction. His attitudes spring from a deep awareness of the changed conditions of British economic and military power. He is convinced, however, that it is impossible to foresee the end of the transition. In such a period, he thinks it is necessary, first, that the nation should not be harried into an awareness of its changed position, that it is even worth preserving some of the national mythologies, that illusion can make reality more bearable; and, secondly, that the Conservative Party alone can be entrusted with this delicate and practical mission.

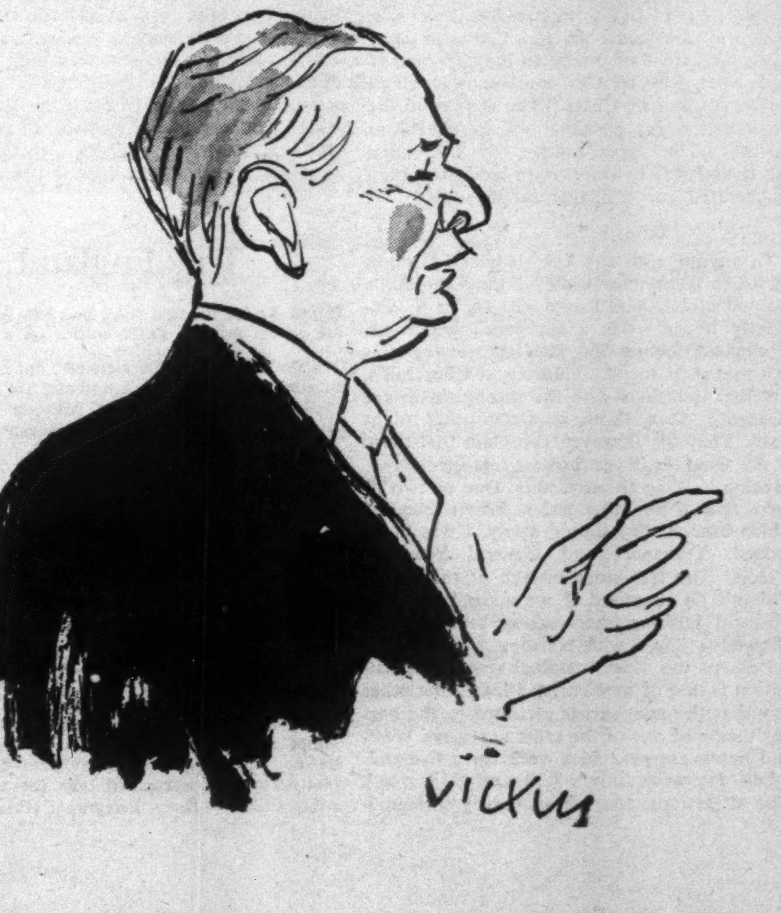
This is his own rationalisation of the belief common to all Conservatives: that they are born to rule. He was probably not altogether surprised at the Suez debacle. But, when it happened, he knew only one thing to do as a Conservative: proceed to build on its ruins. It is to this conception of Conservatism that he is loyal. He is, in one sense, a Peelite, with Peel's skill in adapting himself in the nick of time to changed circumstances and altered facts. But, like all good Peelites in the past hundred years, with this difference: that he believes it is possible to be a Peelite without splitting the party. He represents the deep instinct for survival in the Conservative Party at its clearest. If he ever leads his party, this will be the reason.

But one must return to his personal qualities; for it is they which support the political ones, not the other way about. It is impossible to exaggerate the bitterness of the criticism which he had to endure after Suez, while he patiently supported Macmillan. When asked about his reaction to this vilification, Selwyn Lloyd speaks with an astonishing lack of bitterness or self-pity. Work, he will say, is the best defence against all such situations. In the Foreign Office, you can bury yourself in the dispatches which arrive unceasingly and have to be read. Then, he will tell you, the critics can so often get things wrong. He remembers one day, for example, when he desperately wanted to go to the lavatory, but had to sit through a long critical speech by Lord Hinchingbrooke.

'Hinch went on and on; and I was shifting myself in my seat more and more, crossing and recrossing my legs. When he sat down, I rushed out of the Chamber as quickly as possible. What did every newspaper, from *The Times* downwards, say the following day? "The Foreign Secretary was so shaken by Lord Hinchingbrooke's attack that he rushed, white-faced, from the floor of the House". If only they had known how much worse was my predicament.'

Then, again, he will say, with an engaging frankness: 'I know I am not a great speaker, but once in a while one knows one has done well. You may remember that, towards the end of 1958, I caught the House, the whole House, for the first time. I knew myself I had done it, as you must know when you have for once written a good article. Moreover, my enemies, as well as my friends, came and told me so. So, when I read or heard damning criticisms of my speech, I knew they had come from critics who were not judging my performance objectively, and therefore no longer worth worrying about'.

All this is evidence of considerable inner resources, and not only inner defences. He tenaciously pursues his own path; criticism is not something which he either ignores or heeds too much; it is something which he takes home with him, to mull over when he is alone, to ponder in his bath. This kind of steadiness is not what a party always seeks in its leader; but it may well be what the Conservative Party will seek after the highly personal leadership of a Churchill, an Eden and a Macmillan. Whether it is the kind of leadership the country needs is another matter. But it may be the kind of leadership it gets. It may even be the kind of leadership it deserves.



London Diary

CHARON

Many weeks ago now, when Victor Gollancz, that incorrigible optimist in militant virtue, told me that he had taken the Albert Hall for an anti-capital punishment rally, I shivered at his temerity. Filling that vast mausoleum is an appalling job at the best of times. And was this really the best of times? I should have had more faith. The meeting, as you will have heard, was immensely successful. Apart from those wretched and absurd 600 permanently-rented seats at the Albert Hall – never likely to be occupied by their owners on such occasions as this – there were only 50 empty places. An overflow meeting in Kensington Town Hall was itself full to overflowing. It was excitingly reminiscent of the great moments of agitation in the Thirties. Heckling by those pointless nuisances, Empire Loyalists, is the hallmark of success. I was particularly struck by the strong note of personal commitment in the message sent by the Earl of Harewood which was read out. It is breaking new ground for even minor royalty to associate itself so wholeheartedly with a cause such as this. The rally effectively reminded the 7,000-strong audience that, according to Mr Butler, the whole question of hanging and capital punishment will be finally reviewed in about a year's time. This meeting, then, marks the opening of a decisive campaign. It was, after all, the best of times to hold it.

* * *

No doubt whatever about this being the time to protest in defence of Cuba. Organised activity includes a procession on Sunday afternoon from the TUC in Great Russell Street to Marble Arch. Next Tuesday at 7.30 pm there will be a public meeting at the Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Square, W1. Speakers will include Michael Foot, Paul Johnson and Constance Cummings. Anyone who thinks that letters of protest are futile may be interested to learn that it was Kenneth Tynan's letter last week in this journal that sparked off the present agitation. Tynan himself did the first picketing stint at the US Embassy in Grosvenor Square.

* * *

Any MP who finds that his own private economic and financial interests are more seriously frustrated by the Budget than he had expected, should take heart from the history of perhaps the most famous member of parliament – till Sir Winston – of all time. John Gully was the son of a Bristol merchant – some say butcher. He set up in business, failed, was arrested for debt. His friend, heavy-weight champion Henry Pearce, 'the Game Chicken', directed the attention of Colonel Harry Mellish to his plight. Mellish organised a whip round. Gully's debts were paid and he was released on condition that he fought Pearce. He lost to his friend at the end of a fierce 64-round fight. Pearce, however, nominated him as his successor as champion in 1807. Gully later exchanged the prize-ring for the turf. He had a good run as bookmaker and owner, became a rich landed proprietor and member of parliament, dying in 1863 aged 80, leaving many descendants. (What has become of them, I wonder?) Here is a career which should inspire those who complain that – despite surtax relief – present-day stringencies frustrate enterprise.

The Americans may have their doubts about Mr Macmillan, but there is one aspect of him which they heartily approve. That is his private fortune. Of recent years it has been the convention in American public life that the men at the top in both politics and military affairs should be so well cushioned against the slings and arrows that there need never be any doubts as to their personal probity. During the war a visiting American politician made one of those significant eyebrow-raising gestures when he realised that various top-ranking British commanders had no private fortunes. It was some time before the Cabinet minister who was acting as his liaison could impress upon him the British tradition of personal integrity. This tradition dates, approximately, from the reform of the Civil Service in the mid-19th century.

Only those who have seen a former Governor of Bengal wheezily toting his wife's shopping basket along Fore Street, Budleigh Salterton, retired on a pension and perhaps a few thousand pounds savings, can appreciate the meaning of 'incorruptibility'.

* * *

Never neglect Ireland. She is always cropping up in English affairs. I am told that one of Mr Macmillan's major embarrassments at the moment is the role which a 'United Ireland' may have to play when the UK joins the Common Market. This development has been ordained, willy-nilly, by Mr Kennedy. It represents one of the hundreds of little obligations of a new President. The long Irish memory is notorious. As a Boston Irish Catholic, Kennedy has to settle some old debts. One is a United Ireland. This can be brought about, hypothetically, as follows: if the UK joins the Common Market, the customs-barrier between Eire and Ulster will automatically have to be lifted. In the Catholic republic of Eire the canonical law prevails. In Ulster the secular law prevails. Those who live by the tenets of the canonical law will certainly regard the raising of the customs-barrier as implying a victory for their side. How will the leader of the Unionist party justify this twist of policy to his supporters? And what will be the consequences along the border and in Ulster? The answer to the last question is: possibly not so violent as all that. The aggressiveness of Ulstermen and their English whippers-in has often been exaggerated for propaganda purposes.

* * *

To anyone with any knowledge of London night-life form, the result of the Churchill's case – the club was found *not* to be a 'disorderly house' – was a foregone conclusion. A canvass among the girls themselves suggest that their social conditions at Churchill's, and their relations with the management, are pleasanter than those at some other night clubs. They do, however, complain that there is no fixed tariff or hostess-fee for sitting, dancing, talking to customers. One or two of them talk of joining a union. When asked to which branch they should apply, I was flummoxed. Transport and General Workers' Union? The free-lance branch of the NUJ? I shan't be surprised if we soon hear of a Midland business man asking loudly to be allowed to dance with Natsopa.

Perhaps the most exploited woman's occupation is that of manicurist. I learnt the other day that the manicurists attached to the barber's shop of one of the most expensive West-end hotels are paid £6 a week for a five-and-a-half day week (hours 8.30 a.m. till 6 p.m.). The attractions, apart from luxury surroundings, are tips and 'meeting interesting people'. But, I was told, you can often go a week without collecting more than five shillings a day in tips, and really interesting people are very few and far between. The slightly less interesting ones can, naturally, be exceedingly tiring.

* * *

Why is it – I was asked the other day – that bus conductors and London Underground staff and so on have such a bitter hatred of the public? My immediate answer was: because they have a tedious, mentally trying job; and the public are infuriatingly slow and sheep-like. An additional factor needs to be traced back into the history of traction companies. They began with a curiously ambivalent relation to the public. Although they professed to serve it, and indeed did so, they also encroached upon its rights. And they had always to defend themselves against possible come-backs of all kinds. (In some of the public tramway services built by British contractors abroad there are, laid down in the constitutions, clauses indemnifying the companies from any claims made by passengers giving birth to children *en route*.) Part of the instruction given to the modern transport worker, who, you must remember, works for a board that represents various reshuffled private traction companies, includes detailed and specific lore about precisely what the passenger – i.e. public – can and cannot do. One of the reasons why the Irish and the Negroes are so popular with the Transport Board – wages apart – is that these ingenious and talented races make natural lawyers. The bus-platform lawyer is a new feature of modern City life.

* * *

One of the spectators at the Cosmonaut's reception ceremony in Moscow – the continuation in Red Square, after the airport greeting – was Field-Marshal Zhukhov, the former Red Army C-in-C, whom Stalin demoted to Governor of Odessa, and whom Krushchev, after making use of his support, finally retired. Zhukhov was looking stout, sleek and smart in blue. Asked after his personal and political health, he smiled and said: 'The one thing we lack in the Soviet Union is something equivalent to the English House of Lords to be kicked upstairs into.'

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

I am 21, no longer a teenager, but old enough to vote. I am against: Apartheid; Icelandic fishing-boats in British ports; Michael Foot and Bertrand Russell; and the Southern Irish and coloured invasion of this country.

I am for: Bringing back the cat and birch; hanging all murderers; greater ties with the Commonwealth; Sir Roy Welensky; the H-Bomb and the Polaris missiles. – Letter in *Daily Express*. (Paul Foot.)

Spaceman Yuri Gagarin has been invited by Morecambe Town Council to switch on the illuminations this year. – *Daily Herald*. (M. A. Soper.)

Conservative Central Office was yesterday asked to hold an inquiry into the refusal to adopt a prospective municipal candidate after he had asked a woman to pose for an art photograph he wanted to take for a magazine competition. – *Daily Telegraph*. (Fred Barnett.)

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An Execution

PETER LEWIS

We arrived at the prison at 11.30 pm. At the guardhouse outside, we showed our cards and were allowed in. Two guards searched us indifferently. They told us to wait until the telephone rang, with permission to pass to the main part of the building.

One guard's breath smelled of whisky. His face was swollen. He looked at me and cocked his head towards the sound of the rain pattering on the roof.

'Bad night for a hanging,' he commented. The telephone rang. We passed a lighted courtyard and mounted the four marble steps through the main door. The hallway was extravagantly lit, with a cold floor and oak doors to either side. It seemed like the reception hall of a hospital, even to the young picture of the Queen. But there were guards in uniform at every 15 paces.

'You're the newspaper boys? Show me your passes,' one of them demanded. He looked us over, then pointed to an open door.

Inside, in deep silence, sat a dozen men. They were ranged on benches on each side of the room. 'The inquest jury,' the other reporter whispered. We took a place on the bench.

The jurymen were mostly middle-aged. They had been chosen and committed, as responsible citizens of the province of British Columbia, to present themselves, to witness and attest to the execution of the murderer. They were dressed in dark suits. They appeared uncomfortable and tense, seemingly too nervous to speak to one another.

Five minutes passed. We heard steps coming along the corridor, then moving off again. I noticed one of the witnesses was having trouble in breathing. His face was flushed and he was gasping. Suddenly a man appeared in the doorway. He was broad-shouldered, blond and dressed in a brown suit. As he stepped to the centre of the room, he glanced at the seated figures.

'I am the warden,' he said, holding up his hand for attention. 'We'll wait for a minute, then go upstairs. When I give the signal follow me in single file.'

The murderer was a Ukranian, aged 64. He had been condemned to death for killing his wife. He had shot her after discovering that she had been unfaithful to him. Somewhere in this building, hidden from us, he was now living his last minutes.

'If you're ready we will go now,' the warden said. His words were followed by a scraping and shuffling as we stood. Avoiding each other's eyes, we formed a line and filed from the room. In the hallway, our party was joined by several guards. Presently we halted, waiting for an iron door to be swung open. We began to climb a steel staircase.

Immediately behind me was the man whose irregular breathing I had noticed earlier. His step was unsteady. I glanced back, seeing he was managing the stairs only with great effort. He had closed his eyes, and he pressed a handkerchief to one side of his red face.

We reached a dim whitewashed corridor, at the end of which a door stood open. This was our destination, the execution shed. We hastened our step. The shed was lit by powerful lamps. It was low-roofed and narrow, but very long, perhaps 60 feet. The walls were painted in gunmetal grey. The first thing that struck me was the sour odour of new paint, the air of crude cleanliness in the room.

Once completely in the doorway, however, my eyes fell on the only important fixtures in sight: the trap-door and rope. These were half-way along the room, close to the wall. Seven uniformed policemen stood a curious guard, each with his back to the trap-door. They were wordless and their faces without expression.

Eight feet above the trap-door, neatly tied and looped to the ceiling, was the executioner's rope, which seemed fresh and white.

The trap-door was level with the cement floor, not mounted as I had assumed it would be. (I was told later the space underneath, into which the murderer dropped, had once been an elevator shaft; that in most prisons executions were now arranged like this, doing away with the use of a scaffold.) The trap-door was constructed in wood, and around its edges ran a strip of steel.

At the extreme end of the windowless chamber was a platform, raised slightly from the floor. This was the witnesses' stand. We were led towards it, and in confusion we took our places, pressing close to one another to find a position. I was jostled into the second row. By being elevated thus we could see the execution site only too well. Perhaps three minutes passed. The only sound was the breathing of those around me. The red-faced man was somewhere in the back row, out of my vision, yet his sharp ugly gasps dominated the other noises.

Through the doorway emerged a squat figure in a brown suit. He strode to the side of the trap-door and guards. He was about 50 and his gross features were encased in a turnip-like yellow skin. In his left hand he carried two leather straps. With the other he began to fiddle with the rope. He was the hangman.

Before I recovered from the shock of his appearance, I heard the shuffle of many feet along the unseen corridor. The footsteps grew nearer. I made out a soft mumbling noise, then the first figures were in the doorway, exposed to the brittle light.

For an instant I did not see the condemned man. He was hidden in the knot of guards and men in civilian dress, among whom stood the warden. (He had stolen away from our group earlier, unnoticed.) There was a priest in a cassock, reading from a breviary.

Then the guards parted, seeming to eject a man from their midst, the murderer. He was a little man and he blinked and peered about him. He was dressed in dark prison trousers, and his old head drooped forward from his shoulders. He wore a faded blue shirt, the collar of which was opened.

A strap pinioned his arms behind his back. He wore only woollen stockings on his feet. In the centre of his mouth was a lighted cigarette, a quarter smoked. He appeared not terrified. When his eyes had grown used to the light, he inspected the faces of the men nearest him, then looked at the trap-door and the rope. He turned his head towards the witness stand, taking us in with an air of grave frank curiosity.

Although someone seemed to be guiding him, the grey-haired murderer moved ahead willingly but slowly, as if insisting on setting the pace himself. With this last gesture of independence, he moved upright and self-absorbed to the edge of the trap-door.

He puffed mildly on his cigarette and looked with renewed interest at us. The warden whispered something in his ear. He appeared to take seconds to comprehend, his old face creased and pondering. At last he shook his head negatively.

Suddenly the hangman appeared at the murderer's back and pushed him to the centre of the trap. He set to work energetically, bending almost double to lash the old man's legs together with the straps. As he worked, straining to tighten the leather, the murderer's body bobbed and swayed. The expression on his face did not alter, even as the hangman finished his job and half pushed, half dragged him to position under the rope. He smoked his cigarette unprotestingly, as if somehow he were not connected with what was being done to him.

He continued to examine our group, with an air of intense curiosity. I stiffened and my knees felt suddenly very weak, for he was looking directly at me. His eyes had centred on my chest, where I was clutching a notebook. He spoke all at once. So softly I could not be sure it was a voice. From far off the words touched me, touched the others. 'You should have given me a fair trial. I did not have a fair trial.' But it was lifeless, without spite. The words were impossibly futile, almost as if he were uttering them, not for his own benefit, but to recite what was expected of him.

What happened next was finished in perhaps ten seconds.

The murderer's white face looked dumbly at us. The cigarette still rested in the centre of his mouth. His blue eyes did not blink. Swiftly the executioner came from behind. His hand snaked around and tore the condemned man's cigarette from his mouth, flinging it brutally aside. With his free hand the executioner pulled a white hood from his pocket. He unfurled it as though it were a great silk handkerchief, and stood on his toes. He dropped the hood over the murderer's face.

For one instant, between the time his cigarette was snatched and the hood had descended, the murderer's face was taken by

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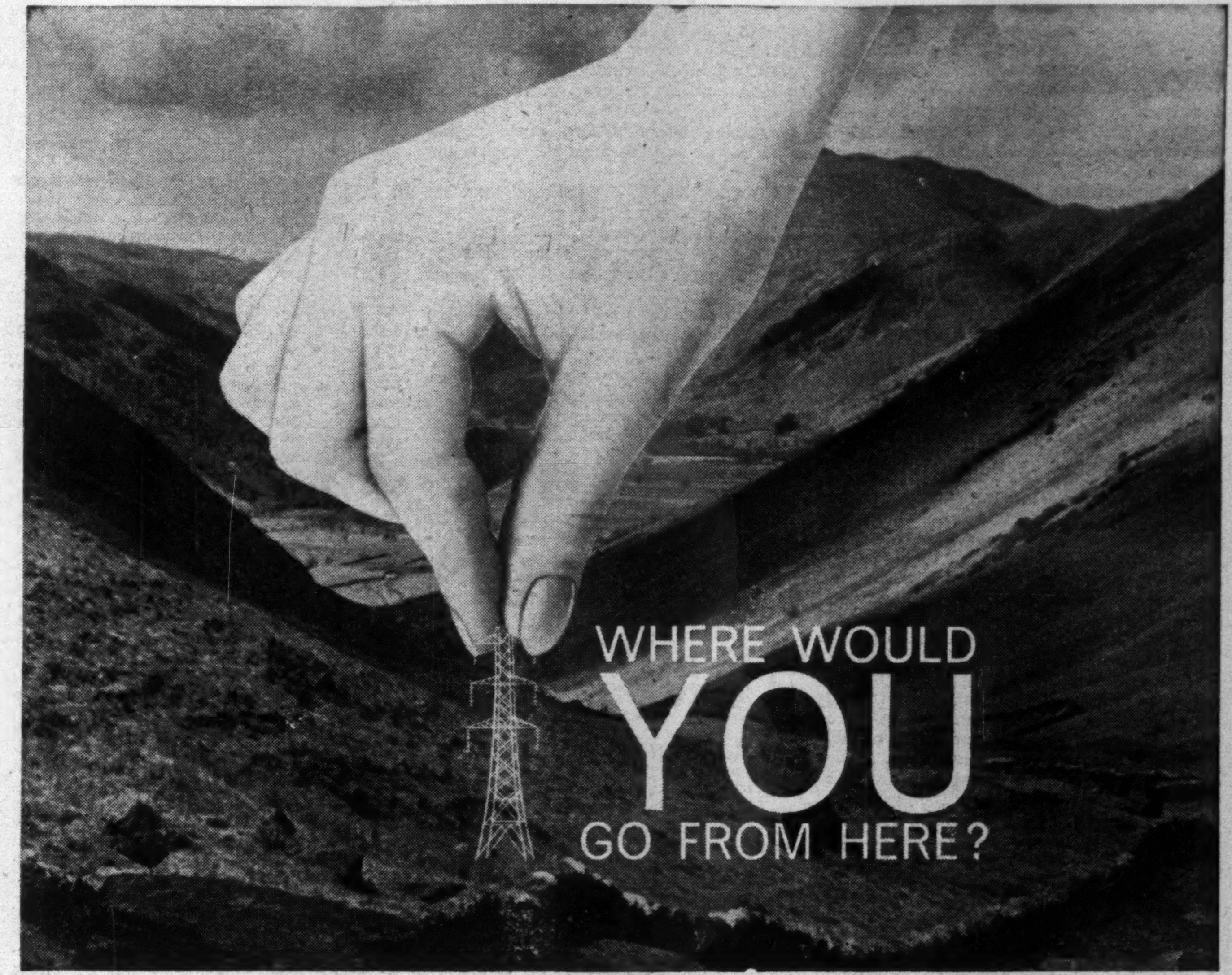

Suppose for a moment that you are a wayleave officer working for the Central Electricity Generating Board. Your job is to plot a line bringing new power to an expanding town in the valley over the hill. Where do you go from here? The easiest and cheapest way would be up and across the crest of the hill. But the people in the valley (and the people visiting the valley) will take rather a poor view of that. By-pass the ridge and march down the valley itself? That would involve a three-mile detour, extra expense, and some unsightly angle towers. Bury the cables underground? An attractive idea but an impossibly expensive one, which could raise installation costs 17 times—with inevitable repercussions on the cost of electricity. There is no easy solution. But one must and will be found . . . one that fulfils the double duty which, by Act of Parliament, rests on the CEGB: to provide an efficient and economical electricity supply, while doing everything possible to preserve the natural amenities of the countryside. Please think of this next time you grumble at the towers: they are being carefully planned by men who value the countryside as much as you do.

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pained bewilderment. He had at last understood. Then his features vanished.

The hangman reached higher still, and unhooked the rope coiled above the condemned man's head. With incredible speed he adjusted the noose, securing the knot at the back of the neck, and next he seemed to propel himself backwards, his foot reaching for a lever on the floor.

The hooded body wavered.

There was a violent deadly crack, the trap-door opening. Instantly the murderer's body dropped from sight. The rope spun after it into blackness. The rope jerked.

A moment of impossible terror. My left knee moved by itself, kicking upwards. A numbness came over me.

The snap of the trap-door's spring lingered in the room for many moments. Somehow I felt it important to look at my watch. It was 12.06.

When I returned my eyes to the room I became aware of the priest, standing at the edge of the open pit. He was making the sign of the cross, only a few feet from where the rope swayed stiffly into the darkness. Everyone in the room became suddenly animated, coughing and shuffling towards the doorway. I felt the other men around me beginning to stir. I let myself be pushed into motion.

The sound of the trap-door had resounded through the jail. Many prisoners from the block closest the execution chamber had set to screaming and clanking metal objects together. As I descended the staircase, I heard them chanting in unison, one young voice rising above the rest: 'Hang the bloody hangman. Hang the bloody hangman . . .'

Once downstairs, we were herded into the room we had occupied earlier. The jury members were told they would have to view the body, so as to certify death. For 15 minutes we waited, hardly talking. They were called by the prison doctor to another room.

ENCOUNTER

The May issue, just out, includes

John Wain
A VISIT TO INDIA

Robert Kee
THE REFUGEES

Harvey Einbinder
ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA
An American Critique

Malcolm Muggeridge
THE EYE-WITNESS FALLACY

Also: **Brian Crozier** on Six Africans, **Frank Kermode** on Edmund Wilson and Mario Praz, **Geoffrey Gorer** on Homosexuality, **C. A. R. Crosland** on Public Ownership, **Colin MacInnes** on Ada Leverson.

* * * * * * *

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ENCOUNTER 25 HAYMARKET LONDON SW1

With my fellow reporter I wandered into the outer corridor. There we found the prison warden. As we talked with him, a stout brown-suited figure passed, carrying four leather straps over his arm. He ignored our stares.

'He's made his 200 dollars,' said the other reporter, hostilely.

'Yes,' replied the warden. 'He's often here. He'll be back in three weeks' time.' Then he added, 'I suppose there's got to be someone to do it.'

The warden excused himself. A few minutes later he was back, holding a slip of paper. Behind him, along the corridor, I caught a glimpse of a stretcher being wheeled hurriedly out of one doorway, then into another. The body was covered by a grey sheet. Only the feet protruded, in their woollen socks.

'Pronounced dead at 12.24,' said the warden.

We wrote the time in our notebooks. The warden looked closely at us.

'Don't mention the times. They die instantly, but their heart continues to beat for quite a long time. The public wouldn't understand.'

Correspondence

HUMANITY ON TRIAL

Sir, – I should like to raise the following questions: (1) The commander of a V-bomber, if told to use his atomic weapons, would be expected to obey in the interest of the preservation of his country, or as an act of revenge for its destruction. In what sense was Eichmann's response to orders (or the orders themselves) analogous?

(2) You seem to give the following answer: the Nazis genuinely believed that the destruction of the Jews was necessary for the preservation of Germany. Entirely apart from any objective or formal differences between the two cases, most people today – I presume you are among them – believe that the Nazis, at least, were wrong in their estimate of what was essential to the preservation of their country. In what sense does the reasoning of your editorial make it possible for anyone to judge whether this 'sincere belief' was right or wrong? Indeed, on your statement of the case, how could anyone soundly condemn the British airman, and those responsible for his act? In the words of Jules Feiffer's caricature of Mr Nixon, if everyone believes sincerely that he sincerely believes in what he believes, then *everyone*, including the author of the editorial (and not just those whom the editorial censures) are bound by the logic of its argument.

(3) If (as you, despite your intentions, argue) sincere opinions cannot be validly condemned, how do you infer that 'a government which ordered an all-out nuclear attack . . . etc.' would be employing 'similar specious reasoning'? What is specious about this reasoning? If it *is* specious, is not also *your* decision to preserve mankind at any costs based upon the same specious reasoning? Why and how does your belief prevail, exclusive of, and as the foundation for, arguments which reduce it to nothing? Bertrand Russell once expressed your point by saying that the difference between right and wrong is the same as the difference between a taste for red and white wine. Why not also the taste for life or death?

(4) On the one hand, you seem to be saying that the Nazis should not have killed the Jews even if it meant the destruction of their country. On the other, you argue that countries should be preserved from destruction no matter what the cost. Can you resolve this inconsistency? I hope so, although I 'sincerely believe' that you cannot.

Stanley H. Rosen

199 rue de Grenelle
Paris 7e

Sir, – I hope you will allow me to add to your editorial so aptly entitled, 'Every man His Own Eichmann'. To some my extension may seem extreme but when one is dealing with ultimate things only ultimate solutions will do. Jesus did not say: 'Try to love one another'. He said: 'Love one another'.

If the sequence of your argument, with which I am in agreement, is pushed to its logical conclusion the following points are axiomatic:

(1) Not just a dark part of humanity is on trial. The whole of humanity is on trial.

(2) Not only is the commander of a V-bomber as guilty as Eichmann, because of his readiness to drop a bomb, but every man who puts on uniform in time of peace or war is equally guilty.

(3) Not only the majority of citizens stand condemned, but every member of every country which tolerates any kind of armed condition in its midst. The taking of one life or the preparation to do so is no different from the taking of six or 60 million. Otherwise it is merely a question of conniving at the degree of means to sustain an end. Evil is not more evil because of its scope.

(4) It is surely not a question, as you suggest, of the scale of an H-bomb war, or how many innocents are slaughtered. It is worth reiterating that a society which justifies the taking of one life only, for any purpose whatsoever, has no moral standpoint.

(5) In fact there are no innocents. Humanity is guilty. Until every human being becomes 'right-thinking' and 'right-acting' all individuals will suffer the consequences.

(6) As you suggest at the end of the article, there is a refusal on the part of people to know what is happening, what has happened, and what will happen. George Orwell called this mind-process 'double-think'. It is in fact a universal form of schizophrenia.

(7) Your conclusion that the Eichmann trial may remind people of horrible realities seems to be wish-dreaming. Where is the historical precedent for a comparable illumination? Even those who endured the first world war trenches quickly forgot, despite their protestations. Films shown at the time of the recent Chinese-Japanese war, the Spanish Civil war, and of Hitler's beginnings, when these events were happening, failed to arouse people's imagination!

The answer is I am afraid, that humanity learns all too slowly – by suffering, and yet more suffering. Why, indeed, should we hope that it might be otherwise?

W. R. Brewis

136 Lexham Gardens, W8

PREPARATIONS AGAINST CUBA

Sir, – In common, no doubt, with thousands of other Englishmen I have just received from the American Embassy a 16-page pamphlet entitled *Cuba: US Statement on Events in Cuba under the Castro Regime*. I am not competent to say how many of its bald statements and denunciations are true or untrue (though I do observe that the pamphlet nowhere declares its own interest, i.e. nowhere admits that American corporations in Cuba have been dispossessed; and I should doubt if a pamphlet was ever sent out from Grosvenor Square against the iniquities of the more complaisant regime of Batista). But one thing is plain: that the embassy of one foreign country is taking advantage of its position to distribute propaganda against another foreign country. Thousands of English people must also be on the embassy's mailing list for its propaganda against the USSR (of which this pamphlet is a variety, in part). Propaganda, always dirty and shameful, does not become clean and honourable because it happens to

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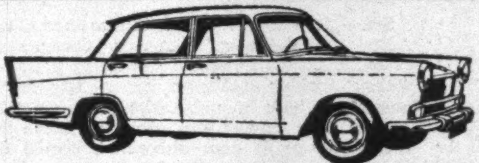

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Do you take sport seriously?

MUCH of what one sees on sports pages is plainly impossible to take seriously. Unconvincing storms in tea-cups, improbable requests for transfer, and a great sticky morass of sheer dull writing.

Sport isn't really like this. Think back to the 1953 Cup Final, when Stanley Matthews seemed to will a two-goal disadvantage into a magic win. Think of Drobny's Wimbledon title. And the last test series between the Australians and the West Indies. These are events conjured up by men who are tough mentally and emotionally. We should take their efforts seriously, if we take anything from them at all.

Olympic Gold

Christopher Brasher, Sports Editor of The Observer, himself lived through supercharged moments of triumph and near-disaster to bring home Britain's only track Gold Medal in the Melbourne Olympics. Brasher understands what the athletes are thinking, as well as doing. He tells you a great deal more about a race than mere statistics.

He leads a distinguished team. Recent writers have included former heavyweight champion of the world, Gene Tunney; Danny Blanchflower; and Tony Brooks who is just starting a season with the new-formula B.R.M.

John Hislop, who for many years was Britain's leading amateur jockey on the Flat, writes week by week fitting into place a new piece of the jigsaw that is Form. Tony Mottram is covering the early-season lawn tennis tournaments, and looking forward to what promises to be almost anybody's Wimbledon.

Alan Ross is taking a close look at the new cricket season. Are the Australians really as weak as they're cracked down to be? And are good resolutions going to turn into brighter cricket? Ross will be reporting the Tests for The Observer, accompanied by Frank Worrell, the West Indies' Captain, as a special guest commentator.

I could carry on dropping famous names until they fall through the bottom of the page . . . and still not be half-finished. But the names in themselves are not all that important. What really matters about the sports pages in The Observer is that they talk to you on the same level of reality and understanding as the other parts of the paper. J.B.L.

emerge from the United States Information Service, whose reasonable function I should have thought was to inform us about the achievements of the United States and not to inflame us against other people. I have still to receive from the Russian Embassy unsolicited Cold War propaganda against the US (though, of course, the Russian mailing lists may not be so complete).

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

Broad Town
Nr Swindon

TAX RELIEFS

SIR, – I am sure that Peter Townsend's analysis of the more subtle forms of Conservative policy should be compulsory reading for Labour leaders, since only a full understanding of this policy can lead to an effective opposition.

In my studies of income tax law, I too have been struck by the effects of life assurance relief. The relief on the premiums on an endowment policy is the only form of saving possible out of untaxed income and a bonus on such a policy is the only tax-free investment income an individual can obtain outside the field of national savings.

Mr Gladstone, when re-introducing life assurance relief in 1853, defended this allowance on the ground that it would lead to savings by those who lived by their own exertions. In other words, the present relief was intended as a kind of earned income allowance at a time when this allowance did not exist. Whether life assurance relief should still be given in 1961 may well be worth detailed study.

Similarly, the discriminatory nature of the law relating to covenants and its social effects could well be studied with some surprising results.

Finally, I wonder how many people (including Labour members of parliament) realise that a section of the Finance Act, 1958, discriminates against manual workers, by providing that subscriptions to professional societies are allowable deductions from taxable income as long as these societies are connected with the claimant's employment and not solely trade unions. Thus a doctor, accountant or teacher can get his subscription allowed, but not a miner, plumber or busman, even if membership of his trade union is a condition of employment.

HENRY TOCH

City of London College
Moorgate, EC2

LEARNING TO READ

SIR, – When my daughter started school at the age of five, I was naturally not surprised to find that the whole system of educating the young had changed enormously since my time, 45 years ago. However, in the two years that she has been at a council primary school, I have not been convinced that the new methods are entirely satisfactory.

The children, I feel sure, enjoy their schooldays much more now than they used to, but they do not learn to read and write as easily or as quickly as they did in the past. They are no longer taught the alphabet, but are made to learn the sounds of the letters: A as in *hat*, E as in *met*, I as in *pin*, C as in *cart* and so on. After four or five terms, when this has been sufficiently drummed into their heads, they are able to read three-letter words, if the spelling conforms to these rules. The children then come to a full-stop, it seems to me, when they reach four-letter and longer words, as their logical minds refuse to accept the fact that A is not always as in hat, but becomes A as in hate, I is not only as in pin but can be as in pint or pine. The children become so confused by the different vowel sounds, that they take terms or perhaps years, to understand them. C is another particularly difficult letter. Having been taught daily for two years to call C ker, as in cat, how can they understand that C can sound as in mice?

We are in need of far more well-educated young people nowadays to train as scientists and technicians, so why not make the art of reading easier for them, thereby giving them a better and quicker start at school? There are several ways in which this could be done, surely. As each vowel in English has to do the work of two letters, perhaps new vowels could be introduced to share this work; or accents could be used, as in other languages, or we might even revert to the old ABC.

Recently my daughter, now aged seven, saw an advertisement of an ABC. 'What is an abberker?' she asked. Recovering from my surprise, I realised that she was merely applying what she had been taught at school. As far as I can remember, learning to read was a much simpler process 45 years ago, and it is very convenient knowing the ABC. How will these modern children be able to cope with dictionaries and directories if they never learn the alphabet?

The teachers my daughter has had have all, without exception, been kind, sensible, patient and devoted to their work, but the method they are obliged to use must try their patience to the limit.

ODENE WOLFMAN

47 Egremont Place
Brighton

PORTRAIT OF A KILLER

SIR, – Whatever Nathan's record in Ireland, Mr O'Ryan is too severe in accusing him 'of murdering Spaniards' during his brief but most distinguished service with the International Brigade (unless one lists front-line fighting under this heading). Nathan was probably too busy in any case; as one of the few experienced ex-officers in the English contingent he was much in demand and acted as a sort of unofficial Brigade Major in the early days. Richard Bennett and Hugh Thomas might be interested to turn up an old copy of the late Tom Wintringham's *English Captain*. There is an excellent photograph of Nathan there and a first-hand account of his career in Spain.

JAMES KINROSS

13 Sydney Street, SW3

WAS MOZART POISONED?

SIR, – It is impossible to believe that Guido Adler should have discovered documentary evidence relating to Mozart's death by poisoning without making it known immediately in the normal method, by publication in a reputable journal. It is equally impossible to believe that such evidence, if once discovered, should disappear again. Since the Soviet writers mentioned by Mr Werth have not provided sound references, there was hardly sufficient reason to broadcast afresh the hoary tale of Salieri the Mozart-killer.

We know from Ignaz Moscheles that Salieri was, in the general state of feebleness of his last years, dreadfully affected by the rumours that he had poisoned Mozart. Moscheles visited Salieri when the latter was on his death-bed. Suddenly the dying man surprised his visitor by charging him to tell the world that he had not killed Mozart. (C. Moscheles, *The Life of Moscheles*, transl. A. D. Coleridge, 1873; Vol. I, p. 88.)

Mr Werth quotes Kremnev as writing that the rumour is 'already mentioned in Beethoven's conversation books'. What does the word 'already' mean? On two occasions, Beethoven's nephew made mention of it. The more extensive entry, in 1824, derives from Schindler: 'Salieri is in a very bad state again. He is quite ruined. He is full of fancies that he is guilty of Mozart's death, that he had given him poison. . . . This is the truth. . . . He intends to confess it as the truth . . . It shows once again how they all reap their reward.' Already Thayer has pointed out (German edn. of his *Life of Beethoven*, rev. H. Deiters and H. Riemann, 1908; Vol. V, p. 9) that Schindler's insistent repetitions indicate Beethoven's refusal to believe the story. Nobody has ever considered Schindler in the least trustworthy. The 'evidence' of Beethoven's conversation books only confirms what is known anyway, namely that there were such rumours and that people of Schindler's type passed it on.

Mr Werth describes I. Belza as 'distinguished'. In Russia, his colportage was dismissed as mere rubbish (*Sowjetskaja Muzyka*, November 1954) and O. E. Deutsch's opinion of the man is not a bit more flattering (*Neue Zeitschrift fuer Musik*, 1957, p. 221).

Readers of the NEW STATESMAN will be intrigued to know that one of the strongest believers in this silly old story was Mathilde Ludendorff (who 'knew' that not only Mozart had been killed by the Freemasons, but Luther as well, *and* Lessing, Schiller and Schubert). An almost incredible summary of this lady's lunatic obsessions is accessible in the Cambridge journal *Music Review* (1942, p. 170 f.).

It really is so, as Mr Werth himself says, that all reputable scholars have regarded the story as complete rubbish. Right from the beginning it has been perpetuated by a steady succession of extremely strange folks. B. F. Asafiev may well be 'famous', for all I know; Mathilde Ludendorff certainly was. But if I. Belza is really 'distinguished' – I have no reason to doubt it – he must have achieved distinction on some other occasion. For the time being, the NEW STATESMAN has got into very strange company.

ERWIN DOERNBERG

17 Mandeville Road, N14

SIR, – Whether Mozart was poisoned physically must always remain a problematical question, but it is incontrovertible that he must have been vitiated spiritually by the shabby treatment which the then lack of copyright protection afforded to him and other musical genius of his age.

To die in penury and be buried in a pauper's grave, while all over the civilised world impresarios, concert promoters, singers and musicians were making money from the performance of his music, was indeed a cruel scandal. Since then, better justice has been meted out to music creators, and, thanks mainly to the Berne Copyright Convention, the last 100 years has seen the formation of composers' societies (sometimes known as performing rights societies) throughout the civilised world to secure payment for the performance in public of a modern composer's work.

It is ironical that the one country which so far refuses recognition to the rights of composers (other than those resident) is the USSR. It permits the copyright music of modern Mozarts to be used within its borders without financial recognition, while its musicologists argue about such theoretical points as those mentioned by Alexander Werth.

V. M. FORD

8 Buckingham Road
Harrow

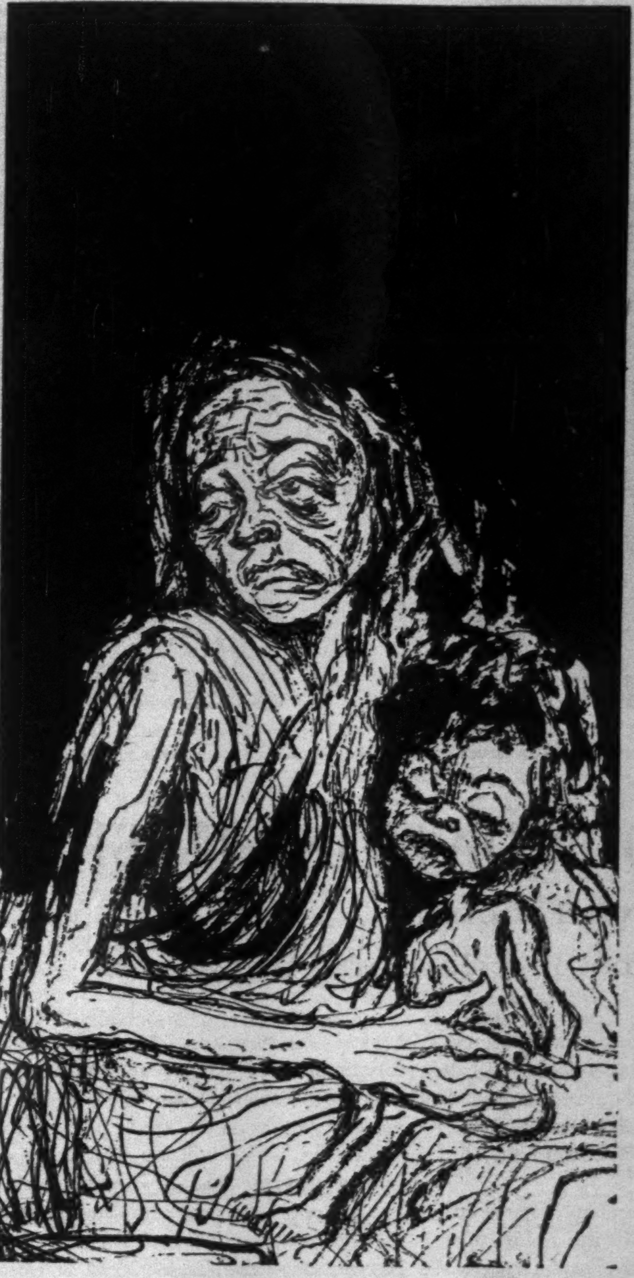
DUTCH TREAT

SIR, – You seem to have a substantial circulation in Holland. Readers of my recent article, 'Dutch Treat', have written from Amsterdam, Rotterdam and Haarlem to chide me for citing *Witterungsverhältrisse* and *brandbestrijdingsmiddeten* as Dutch words that I found difficult.

I will try, without completely exonerating myself, to disperse an almost impenetrable cloud of confusion. *Witterungsverhältrisse* should be spelt *Witterungsverhältnissen*: the final *n* was omitted in the Rotterdam municipal PR pamphlet from which I copied the word; *r* was substituted for an earlier *n* by your printers; and in any case this word is German, not Dutch, the pamphlet in question being more polyglot than it seemed to my glazed analphabetic eye. The Dutch for *Witterungsverhältnissen* is ('of course') *weersgesteldheid*. *Brandbestrijdingsmiddelen* was given a prepenultimate *t*, again, by your printers – to whom I present this new challenge with my compliments and apologies.

TOM DRIBERG

House of Commons



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How long...?

Peace, even if it comes, will bring a new anguish to the Algerian refugees — "Can they survive until return is possible?" For peace will mean months of waiting before most can go back to the ruined villages that are 'home'. And peace will not end the hunger, sickness and lack of shelter—the hardships may even become greater if the prospect of peace makes the world forget.

We need extra help quickly if the long wait is not to end simply in death for the sick and undernourished. Even more, we need help to re-establish the homeless and jobless.

Urgent Projects that need help now

We must not fail the Algerian refugees now that the end of their exile may be in sight. NEW STATESMAN readers have already given generously. We ask you to help yet again—to give treatment to T.B. and undernourished children, to prevent destitution among old people and students. In particular, help to make a permanent contribution to health by wiping out Favus, the distressingly painful and horrible scalp disease widespread among children. At present 'treated' with used engine oil, it can now be eradicated with a recent drug, Griseofulvin (an oral antibiotic, effective against the cause of Favus—Trichophyton Schoenleini). Medical experts with knowledge of North African conditions consider that £10,000 is needed to defeat this disease among the refugees.

Please send your contribution now, to:

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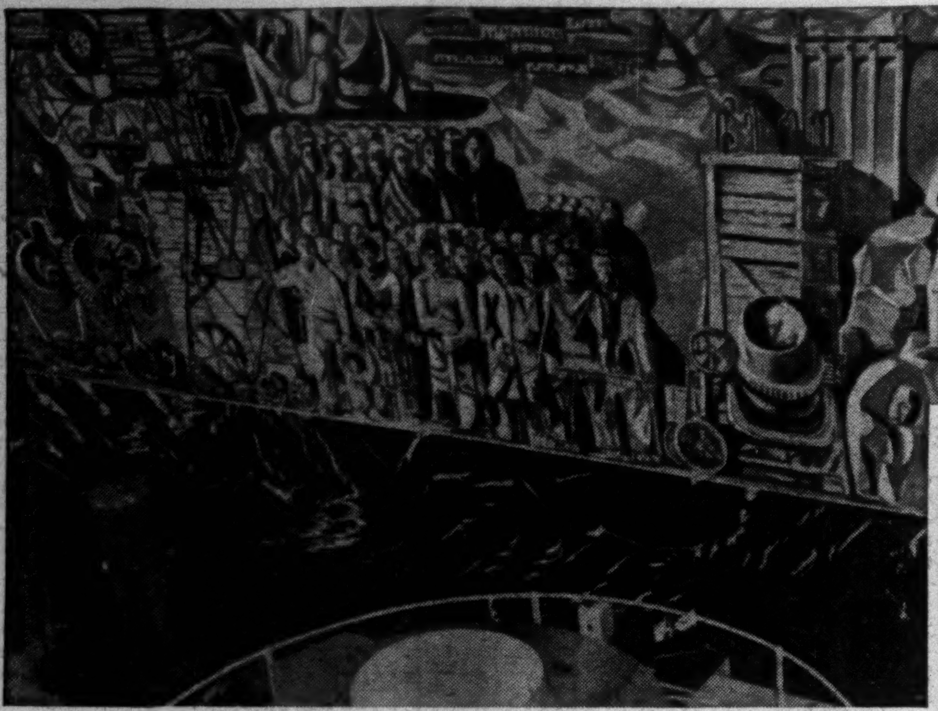
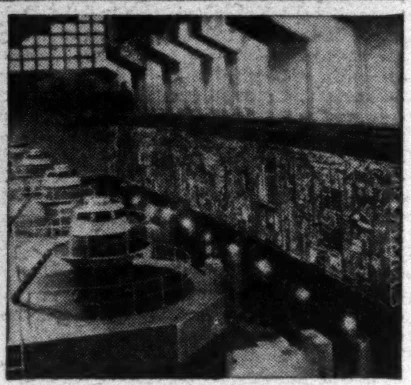


Striking murals *make a showpiece of the power-house inside the Salime Dam in the Cantabrian mountains. The power-station was equipped by English Electric under a comprehensive contract.*



The turbine hall of Salime power-station contains four English Electric 50,000-h.p. turbine generating sets. Transformers, switchgear and control gear were also supplied by English Electric.

NEW FOUNDATIONS IN SPAIN

How she will meet a trebled demand for power

SPAIN has won great credit for her achievements in industrial expansion during the last fifteen years: in particular, steel, cement and engineering have pushed ahead rapidly—three basic industries which make a solid foundation for a strong economy.

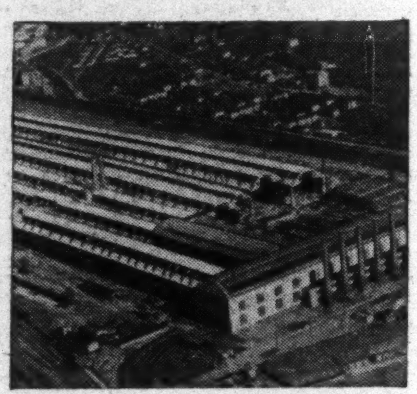
It is in the development and use of her electric power resources that Spain can point to her most telling successes. The plentiful supply of power is fundamental to all industrial growth, and Spain plans to treble her 1950 consumption of electricity by 1963.

English Electric in Spain

Britain has had a considerable share in this development, notably as Spain's principal supplier of hydro-electric plant, and The English Electric Company is playing a leading part in many enterprises. Dams at Salime and Silvon in Asturias to feed hydro-electric power to the industries of the north, power-stations to supply Madrid—for these and other projects English Electric has supplied generating plant, switchgear and motors, while work is now in progress for new stations on the Tagus at Torrejon and Valdecañas, which will together feed 400,000 kilowatts into the Spanish power network.

Another project, now completed, is the great new steelworks at Avilés. For this, English Electric supplied a large variety of electrical equipment under a comprehensive contract. And in the modernization of the railways, English Electric has built 75 powerful new electric locomotives to haul freight in the mountainous areas of the north.

The relationship is mutually fruitful. Spain knows she can depend on the store of technical knowledge, skill and research which lie behind every contract with English Electric, while English Electric gains in Spain further valuable experience, which it can use in other countries and at home.



The steel mills of Ensidesa at Avilés. English Electric supplied under comprehensive contract electrical equipment for the three rolling mills, including the first blooming mill twin-drive in Spain.

One of the 75 English Electric 3,000-h.p. Co-Co electric locomotives supplied to the Spanish National Railways (RENFE).

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Taylor Doctrine

DAVID MARQUAND

Mr A. J. P. Taylor* is the only English historian now writing who can bend the bow of Gibbon and Macaulay. Like them, and in spite of his own coy assertions to the contrary, he writes to prove a doctrine. Reduced to its simplest form, the Taylor Doctrine states that everything happens by chance. Statesmen do not plan ahead; and if they do, their plans do not come true. If, as frequently happens, they claim after the event that their most successful *coups* were planned in advance, that merely shows that statesmen are incorrigible liars. If, as happens more rarely, what appears to have been a premeditated plan appears to have succeeded, that merely shows that appearances are often deceptive – or that even statesmen are sometimes lucky. The great statesman scorns forethought: it is the mark of genius to leap before you look. For history is not a tram, as the young man in the limerick supposed. It is not even a bus. If anything, it is a road accident.

Armed with this doctrine, Taylor has already demolished one of the most plausible myths of modern history: the conventional theory that German unification was the fruit of Bismarck's uncanny skill as a long-range planner. Bismarck emerges from his biography, not as the patient architect of the Second Reich, but as an improviser of genius whose greatest triumphs were unforeseen, and perhaps even unsought. Now Taylor has turned his doctrine onto a later and still more painful phase of Germany's painful relations with her neighbours. The result is a masterpiece: lucid, compassionate, beautifully written in a bare, sparse style, and at the same time deeply disturbing.

It is disturbing in the way that all good history is disturbing (and all good art for that matter). Sir Lewis Namier once suggested that history should be for society what psycho-analysis is for the individual. Societies, like individuals, could become obsessively and self-destructively fixated on past experiences. The historian's proper function was to enable his readers to overcome the past, by understanding it. Namier's analogy is not altogether satisfactory, and can easily be pushed too far. But it seems to me profoundly relevant to contemporary Britain, and to Taylor's book. For Britain today shows all the signs of neurotic fixation on a number of episodes in her past: on the supposed, and largely fictitious, glories of her peaceful evolution to responsible government; on the even more obviously fictitious glories of Empire miraculously transformed into Commonwealth; and – most dangerous of all – on the quite genuine glories of her solitary stand in 1940, and the quite false implications which have been drawn from it.

1940, to most Englishmen who remember it, was the last 'annus mirabilis' in English history: the year when Britain, the innocent victim of continental wickedness and domestic blindness, betrayed by the Russians and let down by the French, stood alone against the world – and triumphed. The moral of the conventional story is that continentals are not to be trusted; that Britain's destiny is quite separate from Europe's; and that in the last resort Europe does not matter anyway.

Like all such myths, this rests on the assumption that the British people were innocent victims of other people's wickedness – for if they were no more innocent than their neighbours, their escape in 1940 ceases to be a proof of moral superiority, and becomes a piece of unmerited good luck. Such a conclusion would be intolerable; and so the myth-makers have been at work. In the Right-wing version, the guilty men were all continental Europeans (though abetted by the folly of the British Left). Britain, not realising that Hitler was plotting to enslave the world, tried patiently to meet his reasonable demands. When his demands grew unreasonable, she took up arms to save the liberties of Europe – undeterred by the knowledge that the conspirators of Berlin had by then made a deal with the equally sinister conspirators of Moscow. In the Left-wing version, the guilty men were to be found in Whitehall as well as in the Wilhelmstrasse – but the British people had no share in the guilt of their rulers. Baldwin and Chamberlain, at heart sympathetic to fascism, wilfully deceived the British people, ignored the warnings of the Opposition and the lesson of the facts, and encouraged the dictators on their career of world conquest by failing to stand up to them until it was too late.

Taylor has exploded these myths, by exploding the assumptions of guilt and innocence on which they rest. In his version, no one is guilty, which is another way of saying that no one is innocent. No one planned the Second World War: not Hitler, and certainly not Chamberlain, Mussolini or Stalin. Hitler's domestic policy was undoubtedly vicious and evil. But his foreign policy was no worse (though no better, of course) than that of any other self-respecting German Government: to undo the Versailles settlement, and to make Germany once again the dominant power on the European continent. Taylor's Hitler, like his Bismarck, was not a conspirator at all. He was a feckless improviser, whose real genius lay in seizing unexpected opportunities when they were presented to him. His loudly-proclaimed plans for world conquest were dreams, not blue-prints. His greatest successes were the accidental results of other men's expedients. The Anschluss was provoked by Schuschnigg, not by Hitler. The settlement at Munich was 'a triumph for British policy . . . not a triumph for Hitler, who started with no such clear intention.' The German establishment of a protectorate over Bohemia in March 1939 was 'the unforeseen by-product of developments in Slovakia'. The war came when it did because Hitler rightly suspected that the British secretly wanted him to take Danzig, and launched 'on 29 August a diplomatic manoeuvre which he ought to have launched on 28 August.'

But if Hitler did not 'cause' the war, who did? Stalin – the alternative scapegoat of the Right? Or Chamberlain – the alternative preferred by the Left? Taylor dismisses both answers. Stalin, as he is depicted here, was as much the victim of his own and other people's mistakes as the Western leaders were. The Nazi-Soviet pact, so far from being conclusive proof of Soviet wickedness, was the Russians' only way out of an impossible situation. As Communists, they were in any case prone to suspect that Britain and France might welcome a German drive to the East – a suspicion which Britain (though not France) did nothing to remove. During the Czech crisis, the Russians at least said that they would honour their commitments, and they may even have meant it. The British sold out, not the Russians; and if Britain would not fight for Czechoslovakia, it was reasonable to suppose that she would not fight for the Soviet Union either. In Taylor's view, this supposition was probably justified. Britain wanted an alliance with Russia, insofar as she wanted one at all, as a moral demonstration not as a commitment to action. What the British wanted was that 'Russian assistance should be turned on and off at will, like a tap; and that they, or maybe the Poles, should alone be entitled to turn it.' It is hardly surprising that Stalin should have preferred to turn his own tap, even at the price of a pact with Hitler.

We are left with the British Government; and as Mr A. L. Rowse† reminds us in a passionate, moving fragment of autobiography, the case against the British Government and its henchmen is a formidable one. Baldwin was a smart political operator, excellent at engineering the end of a King (or, it is fair to add, of a General Strike), but less impressive when faced with foreign affairs. Chamberlain's virtues were worse than Baldwin's vices. He was narrow, intolerant, priggish, vindictive and ignorant. Both men ignored the advice of competent authorities (Rowse among them), and looked instead to men as ignorant and craven as they were themselves – like Dawson of *The Times* and Sir Horace Wilson of the Civil Service. Both men deceived the people, and, though unwittingly, betrayed their country.

Or did they? The standard Churchillian-cum-Bevinian version of appeasement, which Rowse repeats, is naturally congenial to any orthodox Labour Party member. It proves that the Tories are a bunch of bastards, and it proves that the only way to deal with dictators is to fear God and keep your powder dry. Both sentiments echo my own instinctive prejudices; and after reading Rowse's book I felt like standing up and cheering. After reading Taylor I am not so sure.

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* *The Origins of the Second World War*. By A. J. P. TAYLOR. *Hamish Hamilton*. 25s.

† *All Souls and Appeasement. Macmillan*. 18s.

Taylor's picture of Hitler in itself goes some way towards excusing Baldwin and Chamberlain. After all, the British Government can hardly be blamed for not knowing what Hitler's plans were if he did not know them himself. It is true, of course, that there was an insane streak in Hitler to which Taylor does not do justice. But the chances that a madman will come to power in any country, let alone in a civilised country in the heart of Europe, are so small that it may be wiser to assume that your opponents are sane, until you have conclusive proof of the contrary. During the war, no doubt, Hitler did give conclusive proof of insanity; but Chamberlain can hardly be blamed for not knowing in 1938 what Hitler would have become by 1942.

In any case, even supposing that Baldwin and Chamberlain could have inferred Hitler's latest wickedness from the evidence of his internal policy, what follows? Is one justified in going to war because one dislikes another country's internal arrangements? Perhaps: but not according to the prevailing Left-wing theory of the time. The Left had steadily denounced, and still denounces, the allied intervention in Russia after the First World War. But if it was wrong to intervene against Soviet tyranny, why would it have been right to intervene against the Nazis? In any case, when would the intervention have taken place: before Hitler had become dangerous, or afterwards? Intervention in Germany before she had become a menace would have been a flagrant act of preventive war, and would have been denounced by all right-thinking people, and perhaps repudiated by the British people. Intervention after Hitler had built up his forces meant risking a European war, which no one wanted – least of all the Labour Party.

Rowse's answer is that Hitler was trying to upset the balance of power. But as Taylor shows, every post-war German Government wanted to upset the balance of power, for the very good reason that the balance of power was directed against Germany. Any united Germany is necessarily the dominant power on the continent of Europe, not because the Germans are wicked but simply because there are too many of them. If Hitler was criminal in wanting to restore Germany to her natural position, then so was Stresemann – and so are Dr Adenauer and Herr Brandt. Indeed, Baldwin and Chamberlain, in appeasing Hitler, were only practising what the Labour Party had always preached: that the Versailles settlement was wrong; that the balance of power was obsolete; and that Germany had legitimate grievances which ought to be satisfied. It is true that once the appeasers had abandoned appeasement they made a number of mistakes: they grossly overestimated the strength of Poland and underestimated that of Russia. But these were mistakes, not crimes. If Taylor's book has a lesson, it is just that: that there were no crimes, only mistakes; that Europe died at her own hand, not at the hand of any one man or nation; and that to search for scapegoats is to sin against the historian's Holy Ghost.

Centennial Zone

The Civil War Digest. By Ralph Newman and E. B. Long. *Mayflower.* 16*s.*

The Confederacy. Edited by Albert Kirwan. *Mayflower.* 12*s.*

The Civil War in America. By Alan Barker. *Black.* 18*s.*

The Road to Harpers Ferry. By J. C. Furnas. *Faber.* 30*s.*

We are moving into the American Civil War centennial zone. From 1961 to 1965, and beyond, we must expect the huge output of Civil War literature to continue. Though we are told that such an abundance of publication attests the profundity and the vitality of the issues involved, remarkably little of it proves to be either profound or controversial.

With a few exceptions (such as David Donald), the ablest American historians tend to leave the period 1861-65 to their duller colleagues, and to the popularisers. Most of what is written is consumed by Civil War 'Buffs' for whom the topic is a hobby not very different from – and often connected with – the collecting of miniature soldiers or cavalry swords. For them, and for the wider public which is intermittently interested in this Buffology, the Civil War is an elaborate and complex sequence of incidents and anecdotes whose essential shape is fixed. Reputations of individual generals may fluctuate slightly, but on the whole the view is permanent, and that is part of its charm. Grant and Lee, Sherman and 'Stonewall' Jackson are firmly enshrined; and the roster of villains and boobies is likewise quite immutable. Only McClellan ('Little Mac') is much argued about; and even here, since no fresh evidence seems available, the debate has become formal and familiar. Buffology is good-natured, in fact cheerful. Instead of diatribes we get guidebooks such as *The Civil War Digest*, an attractive work in its way. It has clear maps, a generous number of photographs of people and places, potted biographies, statistics of casualties for those Buffs who are keen on figures, and a detailed calendar of events. The opposing armies are listed in sporting fashion as a 'lineup'. The ordinary soldiers – 'Johnny Reb' and 'Billy Yank' – are praised in a common chapter from which we gather that there was nothing to choose between them. The causes of the war? It appears that no one and everyone was to blame, North *and* South. The problem wouldn't worry the average Buff, but the effect, consciously or unconsciously, is to strengthen the Southern case.

This is not apparent in another paperback compilation, *The Confederacy*, whose editor is a Southern scholar. His book is not a work of Buffology or sectional piety but a valuable and dispassionate record of life behind the lines. Nor does the Northern case go by default in *The Civil War in America*, a lucid survey by an Englishman of the causes, course and consequences of the fight. Mr Barker goes all the way back to the origins of sectional hostility, several decades before 1861. He is fascinated by the question of inevitability, and sensibly provides separate chapters on the causes of secession and the causes of the war itself. He does not agree with historians who feel the war was a mistake brought on by a 'blundering generation':

> The war at least made certain that the Union was maintained, that the slaves were freed, and that a democratic republic had shown its power to live, however inadequately for some of its citizens.

Buffology, on the other hand, in ignoring wider aspects of the Civil War has a pro-Southern tinge. The South has more 'glamour' – more picturesque generals, the mythological advantage of being the underdog and of having gone down to defeat. By concentrating upon campaigns and heroics, the Buffologist unwittingly ministers to the view that the North was at fault. The balance is somewhat redressed by a profusion of books about Lincoln and other Northern leaders. Even so, in sum Buffology is apt to make us forget that the war was about something – and something tremendous.

It was about slavery, though about other matters as well. Slavery is the theme of *The Road to Harpers Ferry*. Mr Furnas is concerned, like Mr Barker, with wider problems, but unlike Mr Barker he provides ammunition for the Southern side. A few years ago Mr Furnas published *Good-Bye to Uncle Tom*, a semi-anthropological account of American slavery in which he took a swipe at Harriet Beecher Stowe. Here he makes several points, all of which lead – though not always by direct routes, or without some contradictions – to the thesis that Abolitionist fanaticism was largely responsible for the Civil War. There are four main stages to his argument. First, the African Slave Coast was not a natural paradise inhabited by Noble Savages. The white slavers found a trade already flourishing there. Second, the conditions of slavery were harsher and less confined in the West Indies than in Dixie. Absenteeism was more common, plantation life more brutal. West Indian slaves had therefore a greater tendency to revolt, and – with the chance of escaping into the inaccessible areas of the larger islands – a greater chance of success.

Third, British emancipationist propaganda was naturally based upon West Indian experience; and this propaganda was absorbed by American abolitionists. American accounts of slavery in Dixie were therefore distorted. They exaggerated the brutality of the system, and the desire and ability of the slaves to stage insurrections. Moreover, the American abolitionists failed to perceive the irrelevance of British techniques of agitation. Parliament could end slavery by legislation: Congress had no power to do so, since the control of domestic slavery was reserved to the individual states. There was no point, therefore, in bombarding Congress with anti-slavery petitions and the like. Fourth, the anti-slavery movement, in Britain and in the United States, was taken over by extremists. From the moderation of Wilberforce and Zachary Macaulay there was a dangerous descent to the vehemence of a Brougham or a Joseph Sturge. Similarly, Benjamin Franklin was a reasonable critic of slavery: William Lloyd Garrison and John Brown were fanatics. The Garrison type of abolitionist was arrogant, unscrupulous, irresponsible. He hated the slaveholder more than he hated slavery. He proposed an impossible programme of immediate and uncompensated emancipation. He alienated the South and poisoned the national atmosphere. He was also a crank, devoted to vegetarianism and phrenology. He was, indeed, 'unstable'. John Brown was an insane murderer. Of the few Negro leaders who tried to provoke slave risings in Dixie, Denmark Vesey was an epileptic, and Nat Turner 'an eccentric field hand', a 'mental case'. (The chapter on slave

This time it's a pullover...

Sooner or later, Susie's knitting has a habit of acquiring length without breadth, whatever the pattern. Just what it's going to be at any given moment depends on the leaping imagination of its young creator. Knitted up or unravelled, that wool has been around for a long time. It has suffered in the cause of many a new project, but never, never has it suffered from moth. Because, like so much that is made of wool these days it is mothproofed with 'Dielmoth'.

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revolts is duly called 'The Spartacus Complex').

A good book could be devoted to the psychology of reform. Another one could well examine the ways in which the white man, who has for so long written world history in his own favour, is now being paid back in his own coin and turned into a universal scapegoat. But the author would have to be more judicious and less superficial than Mr Furnas. What does his argument amount to? He admits that the African slave trade was a monstrosity and that white participation vastly stimulated it. He admits that slavery was 'a social horror and a moral shame'. He notes that Dixie was terrified at the prospect of slave insurrections, before abolitionist propaganda became widespread; but since this spoils his thesis he shows a tendency to dodge round it.

Given these admissions, what were American reformers to do? Apparently they should have striven for compromise and for peaceful persuasion. But how? Were they foolish or wicked in opposing, or at any rate refusing to support, the African Colonization Society? To judge from the painful development of Liberia and Sierra Leone, sending the Negro back to Africa was a futile endeavour. In this respect the abolitionists were possibly more level-headed than such practical politicians as Henry Clay and Abraham Lincoln, who favoured the scheme. What of action in Congress? Mr Furnas seems to suggest that this was useless. But it was surely legitimate. Concentrating upon extreme abolitionists of the Brown-Garrison variety, he virtually ignores the efforts of anti-slavery men to present their case at the polls. Such political activity was perfectly constitutional. If it was doomed to failure by virtue of the Constitution, so much the more excuse for extremism.

CONSTANCY
IN A
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Probably the only series of books in the world *needing* a guide book of over 400 pages is EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY. So A. J. Hoppé's *Reader's Guide to Everyman's Library* is published this week. It contains thousands of references and cross-references, and a brief description of the hundreds of volumes in the library. It is a finger-post to books of classic stature in English.

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Brown and Garrison certainly do not come out of the story very well. Perhaps the Civil War was unnecessary. Further compromises might have led to the end of American slavery within a generation; by 1861 the institution survived only in Cuba, Puerto Rico and Brazil. Or perhaps the North should have permitted the peaceful secession of the South. But these are aspects Mr Furnas does not consider. He is content to denounce Northern fanaticism. In doing so he misrepresents the reform spirit of 19th-century America, in much the same terms as those used a century ago by pro-slavery polemicists. That spirit may have been naive. Women's rights, pacifism, temperance, improved medical care: were these causes so very foolish or ungenerous?

Again, Mr Furnas disregards the special dilemma of America, the dilemma with which Lincoln wrestled, of reconciling the Declaration of Independence with the Constitution – 'all men are created equal' with the reality of the slave-block. The anomaly would have tormented America more and more each decade, even if Garrison had never opened his mouth and John Brown had kept away from Kansas and from Harpers Ferry. Yet historiography tends to make the North the aggressor. A generation ago American historians were determined to avoid involvement in another war. So they looked back upon their Civil War and claimed that it was a mistake. Today, nervous of ideology, we use the same arguments. The extremists were to blame, and the abolitionists among them more than the Southern fire-eaters, because the abolitionists started the quarrel.

MARCUS CUNLIFFE

Both Cultures

Science and Human Values. By J. BRONOWSKI. *Hutchinson.* 12s. 6d.

Dr Bronowski has had a career which seems ironic to those who admire him most. He possesses one of the most lucid and articulate intelligences of our time; he has done creative work both in mathematics and poetry; he has considerable force and authority of character: and somehow it has all not quite added up. Not that he is unknown. On the contrary, he is one of the half-dozen intellectuals in this country whom taxi-drivers might know by sight. But that is not because of the achievements that have always seemed within his power, but because he is the outstanding member of the BBC Television Brains Trust.

Somehow, though he has been a reliable and picturesque citizen for a good many years, throwing in his weight on the side of sweetness and light, it has never seemed quite good enough for a man so splendidly equipped. Perhaps we were all, including Bronowski himself, expecting too much from him. Anyway, the joyful fact is that he has now, in a tiny volume of three lectures, together amounting to no more than a longish short story, said with astounding edge and illumination precisely what he and he alone was born to say. *Science and Human Values* is a remarkable book, and the affirmation of a remarkable man. If I were trying to select six works, in order to explain to an intelligent non-scientist something of the deepest meaning of science, Bronowski's would be one of them.

The three chapters of the book are called 'The Creative Mind', 'The Habit of Truth', 'The Sense of Human Dignity'. and they get better and more original as they go on. There is in fact nothing specially original about the first chapter, which, though presented with great width of reference, is merely a re-statement of the view that the creative experience in, for example, poetry and mathematics is at the root identical. That has been said a good many times before. I have said it myself, so I believe there is a truth in it. But it is not quite such an unqualified truth as Bronowski's exposition would have us believe.

Between the experience of writing a lyric poem and seeing one's way through a theorem in number-theory, the resemblance is close: but between the extended performance of, say, *War and Peace* and the discovery of the nucleus, the differences in the creative act are at least as marked as the resemblances. Still, that doesn't matter much. The scientific experience exists; and from it, in the second and third chapters, Bronowski reveals, as has never been revealed before, how from that experience there grows a scientific ethic, a moral vision which is different in kind from a *code* of conduct.

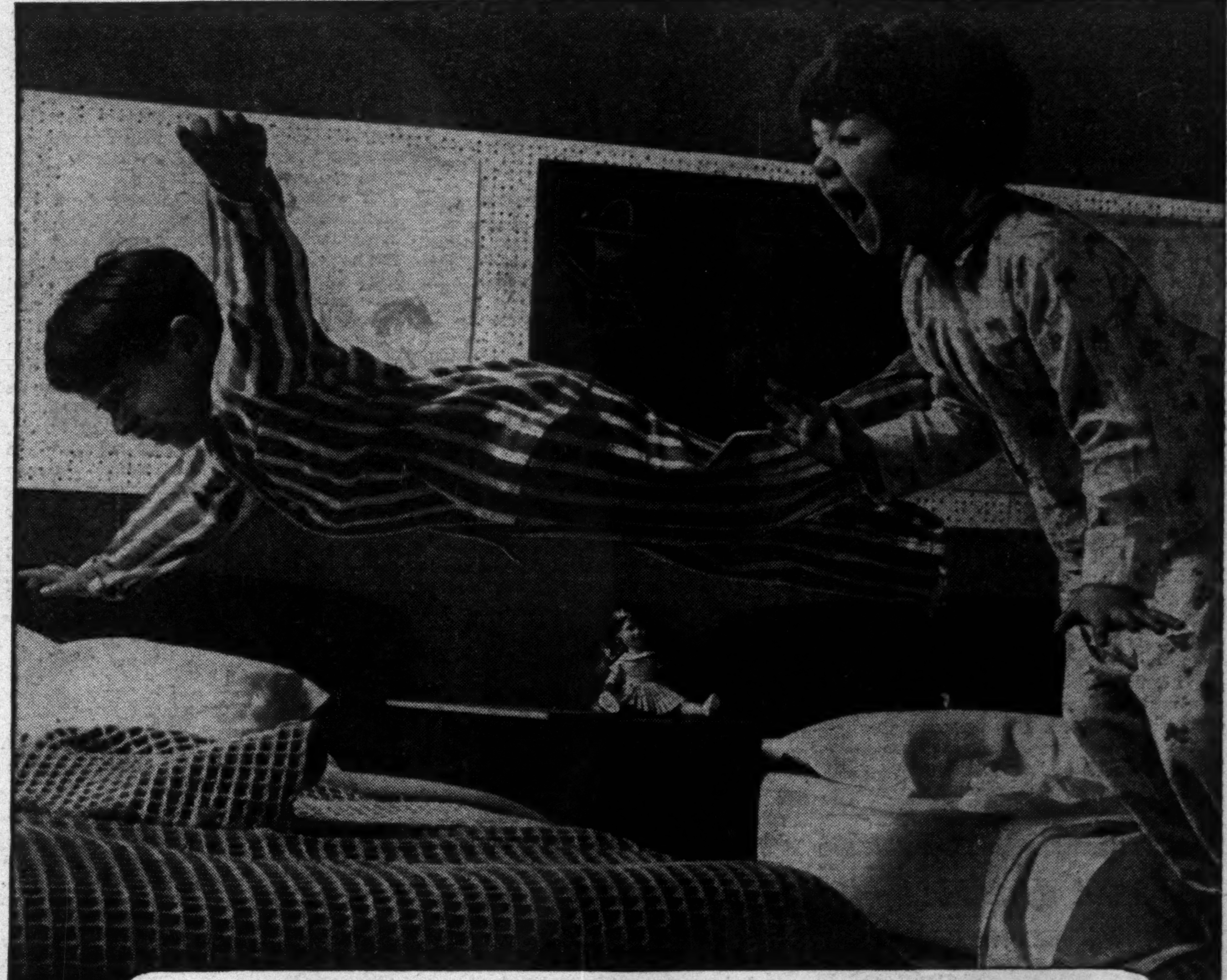
People who ought to know better, scientists among them, have been fond of thinking of science as being morally neutral. Nothing could be more naive. The habit of truth, on which science depends as no other human activity does, is in itself a moral habit; investigation is in itself a moral act (which is incidentally what gives Proust his moral backbone). It is from this foundation that Bronowski has built a structure of values, built them with what he himself has called the ethical enthusiasm of his rabbinical ancestors, but also with poetic feeling and a passionate identification with the human future. The result is at the same time convincing to the intellect and curiously moving: one has that sense which one used to have when first being bowled over by a work of art, somehow compounded of 'how wonderful life is' and 'how wonderful life could be'.

C. P. SNOW

Anatomy of Roads

The Great North Road. By FRANK MORLEY. *Hutchinson.* 25*s*.

Mr Morley confesses that he is really rather bored by the Great North Road. *Qua* road, that is. 'There is no mystery about the Great North Road. There is not much that is photogenic.' It is important for less superficial reasons. But for the Road, or the Spirit of the Road, the whole of English history – indeed the whole history of the Western world – would have turned out far otherwise than it has. It was the cause, direct or contributory, of momentous things: the survival of Christianity in these islands, for instance, and the prevalence of Anglo-Saxon over Latin in our vernacular, not to mention the Pilgrim Fathers, the British Empire, the ham-sandwich, the popular Press, the American Constitution, the railways, the Great Exhibition, the American Civil War, the whaling industry and the emancipation of women. Nor does the Great Road stretch merely from London to Edinburgh, as we might think. If we look closely we shall see that it continues at Fort Kent, in the state of Maine, and proceeds through Boston, New York and Philadelphia, right on down to Key West. The Normans, when they built London Bridge, were aiming to catapult it south across



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Europe. In 1849 it took to the air. Transcendentally speaking, it has no end.

It will be apparent that Mr Morley's book is only tenuously connected with that strip of country which we know as the Great North Road. What he has done is to adopt the road, much as Burton adopted melancholy, as a means or excuse to display his own peculiar stock of erudition – a mixed bag of argument, conjecture, anecdote, curious fact and *obiter dicta*. His road has many turnings and he travels down them all with gusto, pausing for the distant view but hardly ever for breath: Julius Caesar, Saxon sex, Norman abbeys, edible dormice, the Gregorian calendar, a conversation with Lord Rutherford, the Brides in the Bath – *quo nunc se proripit ille?* – all have their appointed place in the landscape.

What are we to make of it all? Once we have got used to the idea that anything can be taken as a cause of anything else, and have reflected that Mr Morley does not seem to be taking himself too seriously, we can sit back calmly and take what we get. It is a personal book and whether you like it or not will depend on whether you like Mr Morley's particular form of rhetoric. He is not a crank. Merely dotty. I use that word in its very best sense. My own view, tentatively expressed, is that if you gave in to temptation half way through and cast the book into the lake, you might after all regret your action. The blurb describes it as 'a work of deceptive scholarship'. But although Mr. Morley's theories are by their very nature mostly beyond the bounds of verification, his facts and descriptions – the real worth of the book – are surely accurate enough.

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HEINEMANN

Germany Calling

Colditz: The German Story. By REINHOLD EGGERS. *Hale*. 18*s*.

In the guidebook to Munich's rebuilt cathedral there is a short history of this church, and in it the following:

> Then came however an unfortunate [*unselige*] time. The Second World War allowed even the cathedral to share the fate of Munich. The bombing raids of 10th March 1943, 21st November and 17th December 1944, 7th January and 25th February 1945, reduced it ever more to ruin. Roof and vaulting were destroyed utterly, while inside altars, pews, confessionals, pulpit, organ, sacristy etc; all fell sacrifice to high explosive bombs and fire bombs.

You can read that paragraph as you will. There is nothing else, not one other word, about the time and fate that it recalls. That is what there is, you take it or leave it. I take it . . . not without a willed dulling of a gap-like ache, that nags and protests.

I take Dr Eggers too. There is the same sort of difficulty, though there are no rude omissions in this case, simply a general euphemistic plausibility. The Second World War allowed even Dr Eggers, 50 and a professor, to become Captain Eggers, security officer, *und zwar* at Colditz, where English, Dutch, French, Belgian and Polish prisoners-of-war, combed out of quieter camps, zoomed in escape and nuisance. Here then is a German war memoir of this restricted, intense terrain. Besides the story, there are the views. Dr Eggers does not readily forgo an argument. He tells of an order, in another camp, 'authorizing a walk . . . for two hours a day, for all prisoners excepting the Poles'.

> This exceptional treatment was given to the Poles because the campaign in Poland had not been fought according to the rules of war by the civilians who had played a part, and therefore Polish prisoners should not receive favours of any kind.

All right. He says that. A quick swallow. No need for grimaces and tuts.

> We had a number of French-Jewish officers in Colditz. They were put in a separate room, which became known as 'The Ghetto'. There was a little sympathy for them at being so singled out, but I think they preferred to all be together.

The fatal argument slips down, egregiously, with the friendly, disinterested observation. Let it slip. 'Now he began to roll the heads,' writes Dr Eggers, meaning the heads of the 20 July conspirators, and we do not have to remember that the people concerned were unspeakably tortured, that the words will hardly do even as a passing allusion. We are not obliged to contest the dexterous manipulations of 'unconditional surrender', the alleged stiffening effect of this allied formula on the German spirit, peace-prone otherwise; certainly we do not have to compare this with the 'stab-in-the-back' theme, by which Germans adapted to their own use after 1918 an allied policy contrary to 'unconditional surrender'. As to marvelling at the unchanged facility to seize an adverse argument and wear it like a *Tarnhelm*, it is better to do nothing of the kind, despite temptation.

The story of Colditz escaping, with wry reference to German security drawbacks such as 'the disadvantage that any German of lower rank feels in dealing with officers, of whatever nationality', is well done. It is a plain story told plainly and quickly, with good manners. Delving one yard below old English workings – humour, understatement, fair play, sympathy for underdog – Eggers gently blows them up. It is an agreeable performance, less perhaps for the fresh and often amusing detail ('When Wing-Commander Bader arrived in 1943, his chess set produced 1,000 Reichsmarks, three compasses and seven maps'), than for the tone of humane aplomb. Some credit is due to Mr Howard Gee: the English is good and racy, the mind and experience always essentially German. That gives piquancy.

'It seemed impossible to clear the British mind,' wrote Lord Vansittart, i.e. about Germany, the truth, the *Tarnhelm* disguise. He was unpolemically right. German mysteries, still fascinating, have lost their awful prominence. Anglo-German relations, submerged in larger entities, may or may not have a future; where they arise, they are a failure, as they always have been, especially at close quarters. I like Munich and its immense, homely cathedral, the *Frauenkirche* with the bonneted towers. I like Dr Eggers. His book is a small feat. Yet the pains and gaps, narcotised, are still there. Why doesn't the cathedral introduce, somewhere, anywhere, in its guide book, one word of humble plainness? And Dr Eggers has played too safe, in a dashing way. He tells us nothing about Germany at war; he makes do with a shifting facility of argument that mocks his genuine experience, nullifying its power, like a pickpocket cleverly stealing from himself.

GILES ROMILLY

ESP Etc.

The Hidden Springs. By RENÉE HAYNES. *Hollis & Carter*. 30*s*.

The Mystical Life. By J. H. M. WHITEMAN. *Faber*. 30*s*.

Extra-sensory perception is so intensely a matter of private experience that it is hard, when thinking about it, to avoid veering from scepticism to credulity and then back again. There can be no doubt that some very peculiar things do happen, but the events in question are often so trivial and confusing that, all fraud apart, one hardly knows where to begin.

The problem is to find some constancies. Miss Haynes approaches this difficult subject by looking at a number of those theories which are really tautologies on a grand scale and which help people to believe in ESP but not to verify it: the theory of the group mind, for instance, lately revived to speculate on odd facts of animal behaviour; Carington's notion of the 'psychon', that node of association through which ESP surfaces to consciousness; and the various ways of picturing the body image as a mediator of human energies. These modern equivalents of old magico-religious terms are difficult to use practically; a difficulty found by magicians throughout history, who have tried to get round it by creating complicated systems of divination. The modern dream-book, as Miss Haynes says, descends from a long line of fortune-telling devices: yarrow-stalks, tortoise-shells, rubbing boards, chicken oracles and tea-leaves.

But these systems do not guarantee objective constancy at all. One can see plainly, on reading this agreeable book, how ESP is a gift or attribute of Man himself and not, despite Black Box enthusiasts, of any external apparatus. However, such apparatus may have one useful function, that of drawing the attention of the conscious mind away from its own workings. Dissociation, sometimes in extreme forms, is the common way of entering oracular states: a method which, since it uncovers some of the most primitive levels of human personality, is usually viewed with distaste. The Black Box may be useful as a fig-leaf.

The uncertainties surrounding ESP, which play such tricks with space, time and privacy, can perhaps be offset by moral constancies: shamans and mediums, for instance, often discipline themselves severely. Alas, this does not always stop them confusing the issue by becoming addicted to magic and power. Miss Haynes looks at a number of people such as Caghostro, Rasputin, Mesmer, the Curé d'Ars, to examine this problem: what fascinating things, indeed, they got up to! And she draws her moral in a discussion of Pope Benedict XIV who, as devil's advocate in canonisation processes, had to investigate the relationship between magic, marvels and holiness. His view, which Miss Haynes follows as a Catholic, is that there are many marvels that are genuine without being at all laudable, for instance those which are sought for or which occur outside the proper spiritual disciplines.

Certainly here is a basic problem: is ESP properly a faculty to be developed, like any other, or is it an erratic accompaniment of spiritual events that finds its proper function only in states of grace? Since ESP is so often connected with magical ways of thought, themselves liable to become either paranoid or neurotic, there are obvious dangers in trying to develop it whether through the will or through dissociation. But the problem is not that simple: in some people ESP is not an occasional gift but rather a vocation, like poetry, and they become ill if they do not practise it – as Miss Haynes remarks and a study of shamanism confirms. Theological principles, therefore, are likely to be rather less able to deal with such dangers than poetical ones.

The curious book by Dr Whiteman makes an interesting contrast. Concerned not with ESP but with mysticism, he also has the problem of finding constancies for the subjective world. Using his own experiences and comparing them with those of St Teresa and Suso, he argues that they have 'a collectively acknowledged objectivity'. These Swedenborgian landscapes, peopled by spiritual bodies, are indeed very queer and have obvious affinities with some mescalin visions; and, as Dr Whiteman asserts, they have a real existence or, rather, are part of a real experience and open to anyone who has ever managed to wake up in the middle of a dream without the dream coming to an end. Dr Whiteman describes this curious double consciousness, the various ways in which it occurs, its development and its moral basis, in much detail. Unfortunately he does not interpret any of his experiences which, despite his disclaimers, are of great psychological interest: he prefers to classify them.

What he has given us, however, is fascinating – one rarely has the chance to pry into such affairs – though often embarrassing, for he is both dry and mawkish in describing his transports, especially when his 'proper and acceptable form', as he calls his own image of himself, becomes feminine and is exposed to intimate happenings. His account of mysticism poses the basic problem of ESP, in different terms: does not writing about any experience so that it refers only to itself make trouble both artistically and morally? Dr Whiteman's attempt to be scientific, however gallant, is misdirected: a poet would have known better.

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books that matter

Moral Earnings

A Serious Woman. By STANLEY MIDDLETON. *Hutchinson. 16s.*

The Trend is Up. By ANTHONY WEST. *Hamish Hamilton. 18s.*

McGinnis Speaks. By FRANK ROONEY. *Bodley Head. 18s.*

For a Noble Cause. By PIERRE BOULLE. *Secker & Warburg. 13s. 6d.*

The Talent Scout. By ROMAIN GARY. Translated by JOHN MARKHAM BEACH. *Joseph. 16s.*

The Man Who Won the Pools. By J. I. M. STEWART. *Gollancz. 15s.*

Daughters of Mulberry. By ROGER LONGRIGG. *Faber. 15s.*

In a crowded, unusually competent week, Stanley Middleton just about takes the palm; and yet, compared with the movements through time and space carried out by the heroes of Mr West's and Mr Rooney's long, ambitious American novels, his serious woman hardly stirs. His strength continues to lie in the moral complexity and urgency of his dialogue; brusque, edgy and sardonic, it is capable of registering an astonishing range of feeling, everything from irritation to compassion, taking in forms of love on the way. Dorothea Seyton, young and pretty, looks after her father and brother in a Midlands town, teaches at the local infants' school, turns down one proposal of marriage, accepts another and ends up with a broken engagement. That is the simple pattern of the book, but it is Dorothea's growing tolerance of her father's pedantry and selfishness that really informs the whole and makes for a moving, *authentic* conclusion. Mr Middleton constantly springs minor surprises; he never allows you to be certain of his people – their fights are as ludicrous as in life, they say the wrong things, go off at tangents – and this raggedness of outline is somehow more persuasive than the 'well-rounded character' it was once conventional to praise. His people are seen to *earn* their moral convictions.

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There are things to deplore. The story positively bristles with schoolmasters (both Dorothea's boy-friends, and her father). Dorothea is a sight too clear-eyed and sharp-witted ever to have succumbed so wetly to Smith's sub-Byronic charms. And there are moments when practically everyone speaks with the same chopping asperity; the voices run together. But Mr Middleton is a genuine original and these are the penalties of the risks he takes. There is always a firm strand of commonsense running somewhere near the surface. I suppose he's that newly fashionable man, a cartographer of the provinces – the physical detail is exact and vivid – but he has surely done enough by now to be conceded something better than documentary status.

'The trend is up, and Maramee is going up with it.' Maramee is a booming town on the Florida Gulf coast and the speaker is Gavin Hatfield at the close of Anthony West's prolonged artefact. Gavin is first discovered, a well-born New England youth of nineteen, turning his back on the effete culture of his fathers: 'I'm going to be a speculator, and I'm going to have my first million before I'm thirty.' Four hundred pages separate the two quotations. Mr West is probably better known over here as erstwhile book reviewer for the *New Yorker* and I seem to recall something about dogs not eating dogs. Well, then, this is a very urbane book and an intelligently documented one; Gavin helps to make Maramee a boom town, does his bit as a flier based in England during the last war, buys a great Gothic house and puts a wife and, in due course, children into it. His wife turns out to be pretty Gothic, too, and over her drunken body, finally sprawling lengthwise across the book, Mr West comes an irremediable cropper. The domestic trials of Gavin and Ilona are allowed to suffuse the decent, patient, subtle contour-map of capitalism – and its social causes and effects – that Mr West has been so artfully moulding, and what might have been arresting is arrested. Even worse: not only is Ilona the lush a blight, but Gavin, who should have been some sort of hero, should have shown some form of moral reaction to the gilt purgatory he perambulates, is quickly seen as a giant hole in the Dreiser landscape. One peers dismally down, but not even an echo of the Great American Novel drifts up.

McGinnis Speaks is Mr Rooney's title and it is nothing less than the truth. George McGinnis, a poet and casual labourer, is the spiky centre of this extraordinary work, and neither he nor his script-writing brother Jack, nor his boozing dad Johnny, nor the pastry-loving priest Father Geraghty, nor indeed anyone else who is wheeled on stage for Mr Rooney's almost entirely cryptic purposes, stops talking for a minute. When they're not at it, Mr Rooney is. Apart from some vestigial character-establishment, this is simply one of the longest, funniest, most tedious soliloquies on record. Once we have got past George's beautifully described school-days at the untender mercies of some nuns, a constant sputter of paradox, epigram and nonsense is maintained. The writing is so uneven that one hesitates to recommend this freakish comedy, yet it must be clapped for the small harvest of baroque images it offers. I half-feel I should read it again to see if it isn't in fact a fragment of genius. But Mr Rooney kills so many of his finest effects by following his febrile whimsy wherever it leads, instead of hewing to the brilliant story he began to tell, that I doubt if I shall. Fifty 'religious' sonnets of George's are appended; most have one good line at least embedded in a crust of self-indulgent wordiness; at least two seem to me to be true and successful poems. All this does Mr Rooney less than justice, but, as McGinnis would probably say, 'To hell with justice, give me money.' He should certainly have readers.

For a Noble Cause is a neat tale, beautifully translated by Xan Fielding, about one Cousin, a French novelist, who joins the British Intelligence Service in 1940 and is sent back to France on a mission. Under the threat of torture, he confesses all to the Germans but manages to escape and convince his British superiors that it was his radio-operator who cracked. He is sent back to France, accompanied by the radio-man's sister, and ultimately summons up the courage of his fictional dreams under clever, probable circumstances. As it turns out, nothing much else convinces in this quasi-moral fable. M. Boulle even brandishes an English psychiatrist called Dr Fog, an uneasy figment borrowed from *Faust* and Jules Verne. Yet the stage-effects are managed to a pitch of compelling readability. A quick reader – it's a short book – would be unlikely to put it down; or to come out of it much the wiser. *The Talent Scout* concerns an ignorant young Indian, José Almayo, who rises to boss one of those fermenting South American republics. He gives his allegiance to the Devil and occupies himself with acts bad enough to win diabolic support. This lets in some mild pornography and a motley of eccentrics (since José superstitiously collects night-club performers famed for doing the impossible). The impossible is not yet within M. Gary's reach: this is a thin little act.

J. I. M. Stewart *alias* Michael Innes will have to look for another pen-name if he persists in the genre of *The Man Who Won the Pools*. 'Lucky J.I.M.', perhaps. His hero, Phil Tombs, does as the title indicates to the merry tune of a quarter of a million pounds (this must have been before Littlewoods introduced their farthing a line stakes – *eheu fugaces* . . .). Young Tombs is Oxford town, not gown, but it isn't long before he makes free with the aristocracy. The Thickthornes of Thickthorne don't even notice his erratic accent and syntax, though the insecure new upper-middle belt do. There are adventures in strip-clubs, a mangled affair with a nice girl who can't quite face all that uncouthness, and a happy ending. The Innes part of Mr Stewart writes detective stories of almost exhilarating implausibilty; a long, cool look at Mr Stewart's donnish assay at Oxford demotic (the speech-patterns of Tombs & Co) leads one to wonder if this dream world hasn't claimed his more august persona. *Daughters of Mulberry* is a pleasant trifle about Major Desmond Cook, a professional punter, and his dreams of a killing and a house in the country to retire to. The daughters of Mulberry are horses, there has been a switch, and Major Cook finds himself hot-foot in and out of fabulous parties, crestfallen in Turin and heroic at Longchamps. Mr Longrigg is very funny at random and his pages fill up agreeably with columns of staccato conversation.

JOHN COLEMAN

Long View

Friends and Kindred. LOUISA KATHLEEN HALDANE. *Faber*. 25s.

There is a disarming note on the jacket: Mrs Haldane was born in February 1863. How many people are capable of a volume of memoirs at 98? On second thoughts that is exactly what one would expect of the mother of J. B. S. Haldane and Naomi Mitchison – indomitable good health, energy, strength of purpose, longevity. The portraits of her at various ages reinforce the impression: strong-minded good looks, a handsome jaw, splendid eyebrows.

One opens the book with the hope, fostered by the publishers, that this will be a book to stand with Gwen Raverat's *Period Piece*, an entrancing account of a well-to-do Victorian scientific family. Alas, there is no resemblance. Mrs Haldane, mother of two massive intellects and widow of John Scott Haldane, the physiologist, whose centenary is being celebrated this year, lacks the discipline and clarity of the good writer. One imagines her as a pleasing talker, a scribbler of entertaining exclamatory letters to members of the family, an old lady with a lively manner of ransacking a long memory. She describes herself at one point as 'a devoted reader of memoirs', and it is easy to visualise the reminiscences for which she has a taste: of the same genre as those lengthy feminine letters dashed off by every post from country houses half a century ago.

She has been fortunate in passing her life with forceful and extraordinary men: father, husband and son have all been extreme types, of an alarming individuality. Her father, Coutts Trotter, a Lowland Scottish gentleman and *malade imaginaire*, could produce symptoms apparently at will, and embraced every cure possible. (Some doctors have called this engrossing disease 'male hysteria'.)

> Dr Playfair's cure consisted chiefly in keeping his patients in bed, giving them large meals every few hours, cutting all contact with the outside world and seeing that they had nothing whatever to do or to read . . . I'm not sure how long the course lasted; it certainly went on for several weeks, after which the patient was sent off on a sea voyage.

Mr Trotter's convalescence took him to Samoa in a cruiser, landing him at Apia at the very moment when the British Consul, dangerously ill, was being carried to the ship for hospital and home. The Consul was Mr Trotter's friend; he had meant to stay with him; but instead found himself, like a character in a farce, suddenly left in charge of the British Consulate. No diplomatic disaster happened as a result, but he was always hurt that Lord Salisbury never bothered to answer his despatches.

There is only one photograph of John Scott Haldane in the book, a startling and apparently characteristic one captioned 'My husband'. He is dressed and helmeted as a miner, hung about with the mouthpiece and tubes of some breathing apparatus through which, I presume, he is personally inhaling the gases of the mine. J. B. S. Haldane is described by his mother as a beautiful child, with long lint-white locks which she was reluctant to cut; the sole photograph shows him as a powerfully built boy of about 12 with a face expressing melancholy intelligence and sensibility. Even as a small boy he showed great physical and mental courage, was a willing guinea-pig in experiments, of huge memory and unslakeable scientific

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curiosity. He once fell off the 'step' of his father's bicycle in Oxford and fractured his skull on the kerb. A car was stopped and the frantic father got the unconscious child to the infirmary and demanded a surgeon. Professor Haldane urgently explained, 'My son has a fracture of the base'. 'Jack had been unconscious but at this point he asked in a firm voice, "Base of what?"' – a prophetic manifestation of natural bent.

The random narrative comes abruptly to an end at the time of the First World War, and one is told nothing of later developments and relationships. One would like to know how Mrs Haldane, independent-minded Scot and passionate supporter of Empire, came to terms with the Left-wing views of her outspoken children. There must have been huge tensions, leviathan battles? Not a word of her daughter's remarkable literary achievements, nor of her self-made career as a Highland farmer, nor of her famous son's services to science nor his declared intention of ending his days in India. Perhaps even her prodigious stock of exclamation marks proved unequal to the task.

MARGARET LANE

Pounding the Hardest

Wellington at War 1794-1815. Edited by ANTONY BRETT-JAMES. *Macmillan.* 42*s.*

Unlike so many recent generals, Wellington would 'have nothing to do with a book.' He distrusted accounts of campaigns and battles, actively discouraged those who applied to him for information, and said himself, 'I should much like to tell the truth; but if I did, I should be torn to pieces here and abroad.' Yet he left behind an enormous quantity of despatches, general orders and private letters, and of these Mr Brett-James has selected 180 odd, from his first command in Flanders to the aftermath of Waterloo. He has written an admirable introduction, and given brief but clear summaries of the events to which the letters refer. He has also made excellent use of the many contemporary accounts of the Wellington of these years.

Wellington can be brief: he calls a Governor-General of India 'a good man, but as cold as a greyhound's nose.' He can be explosive: of his elder brother's affairs he says:

> I wish that Wellesley was *castrated*; or that he would like other people attend to his business and perform too. It is lamentable to see talents and character and advantages such as he possesses thrown away upon whoring.

He can also be formal, measured and persuasive, and his letters always show evidence of that 'good sense, discretion, activity and spirit' which his abused brother attributed to him. There are few descriptions of fighting and they are terse. He said after Waterloo, 'People ask for an account of the action. I tell them it was hard pounding on both sides, and we pounded the hardest.' One gets the strong, and probably correct, impression that the enemy was the least of his difficulties. He had no opinion of his allies: the Spaniards he described as 'visionaries and enthusiasts who will not look at things as they really are.' Nor of his colleagues: of Vice-Admiral Berkeley, who commanded the naval forces off Portugal, he wrote.

> In my life I never saw a man who had so good an education, and had been employed in publick station, and had had some communication with the world, whose understanding is so defective and who has such a passion for invented modes of doing ordinary things.

He had not much more opinion, of course, of his own troops.

He twice suffered the mortification of being superseded in command, once after the drudgery of preparing an expedition in Ceylon, and once after defeating Junot at Vilmeiro. On the first occasion he complained bitterly to his brother, the Governor-General responsible, not of the fact but of the manner of supersession. On the second he was silent, although he suffered the added distress of being held jointly responsible at home for the mistakes of the men who superseded him. He expected a high standard of conduct but he did not demand the impossible from his armies. He thought that accidents and mistakes were bound to happen in all battles, and regretted that these should be exaggerated by the habit of officers writing ignorant and misleading reports to their friends. These reports often contained valuable military information which later appeared in the English Press to the advantage of the enemy: Mr Brett-James rightly sympathises with Wellington's impotent anger.

From his letters on affairs at home, we get a clear expression of those opinions which were to be so important, in his later political life, in the Catholic Emancipation and Corn Law crises. There is, first, his dislike of party: 'the feeling that I have for a decided party politician is rather that of contempt than any other.' Secondly, a characteristically vigorous expression of his distrust of democracy:

> I really believe that, owing to the ignorance and presumption and licentiousness of the press, the most ignorant people in the world of military and political affairs (excepting the domestic politics of their own country) are the people of England; and I cannot but think that I act wisely and honestly towards them to do what I think is good for them, rather than what will please them.

JAMES CORNFORD

The hymn-tunes

They often haunt me, these substantial ghosts,
Four-four, four-square, thumping in the brain;
Not always with the words their puritan
Plainness was made to, and yet always plain,
Bawdily forthright, loud for Lord of Hosts.
One must begin somewhere.
Where I began

I sang off-key on Low Church, tropical
Sunday mornings; organ-swept, never doubted
That the sure tunes had reason to be sure,
That some great good would come of what I
shouted.
Later, across the sea, I sang in a tall
Gothic cathedral, where all sounds endure

Long moments in the vault, but felt no
change
In what the tunes were. And when, later still,
I learned new smut to sing to the old notes,
They stayed the same. Nothing changed until
I woke one day to find the rules were strange
I'd thought to obey.
Now a hymn-tune floats

Teasingly into the mind, patterns a day
To its rhythm, and nags like sudden speech
In a tongue one used to know – quietly said
Words which move forward, always out of
reach;
Still, though I cannot grasp what it is they say,
God's tunes go marching through my echoing
head.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Nameless Structures

DAVID SYLVESTER

Paint laid on so thickly that the picture resembles a low relief is a common characteristic of European painting today, and to this extent Frank Auerbach's landscapes and heads at the Beaux Arts conform with a widespread tendency, more especially as their colours are the earth colours which are so generally – and by no means fortuitously – a concomitant of this thick paint. Only, with Auerbach the connection with relief is no more than a resemblance, whereas the work of Dubuffet or Fautrier or Tàpies really is more a form of painted relief sculpture than of painting proper. For the material they use is some kind of cement which is built up and perhaps incised and then has colour added (whether or not the original paste had a distinctive colour). With Auerbach there is no such separation between material and colour.

His paintings are, as the ads might say, real oil paint all through, and their thickness is simply the outcome of a gradual accumulation of layer upon layer of impasto. I mention this difference of technique because its import is far from being merely technical and because its consequences are perfectly visible: we don't require inside information or chemical analysis in order to recognise that the substance of a Dubuffet seems rigid and opaque as lava, that of an Auerbach fluid and, for all its density, somehow transparent.

Implied among other things by this technical difference is whatever is implied by the difference between getting an effect quickly and getting a similar effect slowly (in the one case in the course of a few hours, in the other over a period of months). But the essential implication is that with Dubuffet – and the other exponents of what Lawrence Alloway has aptly called 'matter painting' – the thickness of the material has a decided purpose of its own, whereas, with Auerbach, the thickness is no more than a by-product of another purpose.

The matter in 'matter painting' is symbolic. It symbolises the idea of the massive materiality of the physical world. It symbolises the relationship between man and the raw materials with which he builds, the inchoate matter which is at once responsive and resistant to his will to impose a form upon it and which both submits to his manipulation of it and inspires that manipulation. ('My connection with the material I use', says Dubuffet, 'is like the bond of the dancer with his partner, the rider with his horse, the fortune-teller with her cards.') And, having this life of its own as a concrete substance (and not merely as a vehicle for the act of painting), the material in 'matter painting' gives the illusion of being subject to the same natural hazards as is the material of a building: observing fissures in its surface, contrasts between rough and smooth in its texture, we spontaneously associate these with natural phenomena, with wear and tear above all, but also the growth of moss or lichen and so on. Thus the thick opaque matter of these paintings seems not only to have a life but to have lived, to have been weathered and ravaged by time.

There is a symbolism of time which can be read into Auerbach's paintings too – not of the time that has passed since a thing was built, but of the time taken to build a thing. It may well be a part of Auerbach's purpose that we should put this interpretation upon the thickness of his paint, that we should recognise his paintings to be accumulations of statements, a sum of denials and qualifications. But it is not primordial in our experience of his paintings. The thickness of his paint and its variety of texture don't hold the attention as such. The paint engages us, not as symbolic substance, but as the vehicle of a vision of reality.

I take this self-effacing character of Auerbach's paint as a mark of extraordinary accomplishment. It is a sure sign of quality in art that the effect of the chosen means is the opposite of what we would expect it to be – as when an almost monochromatic painting seems to be richly coloured, as when a string quartet seems as sonorous as an orchestra, as when a tightly-organised play seems as haphazard as life. Auerbach's paint is thick, needs to be thick because he needs time to bring his image to fruition, but when we look at the painting, it isn't the paint that we notice: the image is what imposes its presence.

It imposes itself from the start, but it needs time to gain clarity (as it did for the painter). Auerbach's paintings offer much less in the way of immediate impact than those of two other artists who seem to be working along similar lines, Evert Lundqvist in Sweden and Gandy Brodie in New York (it is certain, by the way, that all three formed their styles in complete independence). There is a lyrical tenderness in Lundqvist's colour, a poignancy in Brodie's handling, which involve us at once in what they are painting. Auerbach's pictures don't sing out feeling or emotion. They impress us as having tremendous strength of design, and this strength gives them an authority which commands our continued attention rather than seduces or disturbs us into giving it.

The image that emerges is an image of structure, of firmly articulated masses of great density in a space that is equally taut and architectural. It has the degree of architectural resolution that we normally associate with kinds of art that are concerned with constructing ideal forms; only we feel that these forms have been arrived at empirically – the fluidity of the paint suggests the very process of their evolution – and that their firmness is an attribute of the degree of certainty that comes from profound and intimate knowledge of the subject, from which every guess and every illusion has been pushed away.

These structures seem to be known as if from the inside, as if the painter had become each object, had become the space, had become the light, and had painted them from the inside out. Structure and volume are not described, they are re-made, projected onto a flat surface; in the movement of the paint over this surface their stresses and their density are reconstructed. The painting is not a scene presented, that is to say, it is a process of discovery given tangible and simultaneous existence.

But what are these things whose structure has been so firmly realised, what are their names? We sometimes need the catalogue to tell us: the paintings of building sites, for example, might easily be read as studio interiors. But is the name of a thing relevant to its structure? On the contrary, as soon as we name a thing, we tend to form preconceptions about its structure, blind ourselves to the structure it really has. It is not a question of ambiguity: ambiguity means that a form has several possible names. These forms have no name at all. They have their physical reality, and our sense of their reality as objects in space is heightened by this concentration upon what they are rather than what they are used for or how they behave outside the painting.

It's often lamented that there isn't enough of nature in the art of today, that paintings have become ends in themselves. It seems to me that there's too much of nature in the art of today, that most painting is packed with allusions to the physical world, is a rag-bag of memories of things, and bits and pieces of things. I believe that what is wanting is not reference to nature but a more firmly-focused reference; that instead of treating reality as a sort of lucky dip, the painter might commit himself to achieve real penetration into clearly defined areas of reality; and that his work might acquire imaginative breadth not by claiming the freedom to hint at a rich variety of things, but by concentrating together all the richness and variety of his perceptions of some particular thing – his visual perceptions, his tactile perceptions, his perceptions from close to and from far away, his perceptions when he is standing still and when he is on the move, the changes in his perceptions and the play of memory upon them, in short the total experience of an object. It is because of the subtle and profound way in which Auerbach's work gives expression and coherence to the complexity of our perceptions of simple things that he is for me the most interesting painter in this country.

The Limits of Tolerance

DAVID DREW

There was a riot last week at La Fenice theatre in Venice during the first performance of Luigi Nono's 'opera' *Intolleranza 1960*. The BBC relayed the event, and we who listened demurely to our radios, without a score nearer at hand than Venice itself, had to rely on the much shortened, not to say bowdlerised, English version of the Italian synopsis to give us some bearings; for Nono's idea of word-setting is even more an obstruction to understanding than mere ignorance of the language.

Now at least we know what a theatre riot sounds like. It is not a pleasant sound. Jokes from the gallery are ugly, and welcoming laughter from below is hideous. There were also brave counter-cries of *Fascisti!* and one of those stink bombs which used to be standard equipment with diehard Central European opera-goers during the 1920s was brought out for the occasion. Aha! we cry, remembering too hastily Auber and his *La Muette de Portici*, this is the stuff of which operatic history is made! But then, more calmly, we remember that after all we *don't* remember Auber or his dumb girl; and we begin to wonder how many will remember *Intolleranza 1960*. Even in 1962.

If you go to certain street corners in London and shout angry, well-meaning things about racial injustice and bombs, you will probably cause a disturbance. If you do the same in a Venetian square, you certainly will. And if you are fortunate enough to be able to turn your cries of indignation into something resembling an opera and then mount it at, say, La Fenice, you can bet your last lira, even before you set pen to paper, that you will have a riot at the premiere. Is that your aim? Why? 'Anger against injustice makes the voice grow harsh.' Yes, we know. But watch that you do not commit an injustice yourself.

You will have to be very sure that you are producing a work of art when you make the opera stage your platform; for opera, ridiculous, wonderful and illusion-loving thing that it is, can never be converted into activist theatre, and if you hang your smart musical hats on the poor shaven heads and agonised stumps of contemporary history, someone may suspect you of making cheap journalistic capital out of things far too serious and complicated for the common market. There is more than one kind of capitalism, more than one kind of commercialism. And the *avant-garde* has a form of *Kitsch* all its own.

Intolleranza 1960, as the date helpfully suggests, is an opera 'of our time, for our time.' I am not able to discuss the libretto, though in synopsis it sounds as if it might almost have been written by Ernst Toller, except that it even lacks Toller's one sure instinct, which was to generalise facts and impose a style. But style is beyond the opera's reach, since socially speaking the work is self-contradictory. It calls for universal brotherhood in an aesthetic language that denies all universality, yet its content remains too raw and unilluminated to interest the questionable elite which is, in theory, sympathetic. Those for whom the simple affirmations of *Intolleranza 1960* could have real relevance are precisely those to whom it will never speak. The work uses a quasi-esoteric language to express the most unconsidered exoteric truths, and so fails on both positive levels. There are places where such a work would be described as reactionary and decadent.

The essence of propaganda is over-simplification, and some kinds of quite genuine art can partake of that same essence if there are other balances. In the last resort, the themes of *Intolleranza 1960* and Alan Bush's *The Men of Blackmoor* are very much the same: miners, catastrophe, brotherhood and all. But whereas Bush acknowledges the responsibilities of the public speaker, Nono can only offer private truisms to the sophisticate, and arcana to the masses. It is rather ironic that the only effective social function of this ostensibly positive and social opera should turn out to be negative, anti-social and anti-operatic. As a provocation hurled blindly at cultural-political reaction, the work achieves its only clear goal. It might almost have been designed to have no other. The ways of art are not essential to that end. A passionate shout from the street corner will serve almost as well, though a simple drawing of Christ on the Cross wearing a gas-mask once served much better.

The extraordinary lack of dynamic form in *Intolleranza 1960*, and the indiscriminate use of available media, is symptomatic of the lack of constructive purpose. The choral textures of the opening scene of *Moses and Aron*, the speech-choir technique of Vladimir Vogel, the close secundal harmony of Varese (and the earlier works of Nono himself) – all these are produced like munitions. There are blocks of music which we readily recognise as 'lyrical' or 'dramatic' or 'anguished'; but they are no more than surrogates. The gestures of drama and beauty take the place of real ideas.

There is a certain shrewdness behind all this, at least in the first act, and there are a few modest musical surprises: a glimmer of operatic style here, a moment of real harmonic imagination there. But for the most part, the renowned lyrical writing is the merest manipulation, the knowing use of methods that cannot fail – and cannot succeed. The principles of false economy continue to deceive us if at a simple cadential tritone we say 'that's sensitive, like Dallapiccola', or at a fragment of conjunct motion we say 'that's dramatic, like Italian opera.' Listen carefully, and change the old saw: 'with so few notes, it's astonishing how little he achieves.'

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H. A. L. CRAIG

'Every age gets the Hamlet it deserves'. The trouble is we do not know or always like what we deserve. For my part, none of those who denied Guinness shall 'scape whipping; he was the one Hamlet in the last 20 years worth the candle we continue to light to the memory of Gielgud. Guinness realised the dream, bringing newness to Hamlet without eccentricity, except in the trappings. He also managed what even Olivier could not do: to wipe the handsome actor off his face Nothing empties Hamlet faster than a tilted profile.

Guinness is the name to bandy here, because the present Stratford-on-Avon Hamlet, Ian Bannen, issues from him. Mr Bannen is a Hamlet who does not, or cannot, stride; he issues crab-like, scuttling under the verse and merely nipping where he should have grasped tight. But, on the first night, he was so stage-strung that I doubt if we saw his real performance. Nor, I am sure, did Mr Bannen meet his real audience. Hamlet is so much the personal property of an audience that to play him outside expectation is to burgle the house. Peter Wood (the director) and Ian Bannen are certainly two brave men who must have known beforehand the hangman was waiting in the morning. Guinness also woke up to cries of 'thief', 'idiot' and worse. First night charges are sometimes waived on the second night.

But even in 1961 anyone who presumes to desiccate the romantic Hamlet does so at his peril. We are accustomed to find Hamlet in our own mirrors. Little do we realise that what we find is the face of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Coleridge discovered the romantic Hamlet. But that Hamlet was himself; his opium-eating, his death-wishing, his martyrdom to reflection are the lock, stock and barrel of our own Hamlet. Every actor from Kean to John Neville nightly swallows S.T.C.'s heart. The price we pay is that we lose *Hamlet* to the Prince. Hamlet to us is not a play but a character, he has been fished out of his element. The most interesting aspect, therefore, of Peter Wood's production is his attempt to restore *Hamlet*, the play.

Mr Bannen's soliloquies are not interludes, pauses for poetry, dilly-dallies or even utterances of character, they are zany understatements. But they prove him qualified for Broadmoor; he is a man on the edge of dangerous action; murder goes ahunting in his snigger. I do not wish to defend Mr Bannen's unmusical soliloquies, I am concerned with their effect upon the action. They make Hamlet's hesitations plausible within the convention of the Elizabethan revenge play; they do what Old-Hieronimo-mad-again did when he attacked the ground with his dagger – keep the boiler stoked up. The pausing, time-spinning, dissembling, self-accusations were an active part of the revenge play; in the Coleridge *Hamlet* they are inactive. Mr Wood goes round Coleridge. One of the most decisive and violent moments of the evening was when Hamlet decided not to kill Claudius at his prayers.

I see no reason why, having searched so long into the 'character' of the Prince, we should not now examine his head. But the shock of finding a Hamlet who is mad and not ourselves, was partly spoilt by the degree of Mr Bannen's madness. The text permits 'mad nor-nor-west', but in the playing he was too often done due-west. Here a range of subtlety was missed. He was fit to kill Polonius behind the arras but not to deal face to face; his advice to the Players, his philosophical discourse, even his management of the play did not come well from a man so truant in his wits. He lacked the quick intelligence without which Hamlet is indeed an 'instantaneous savage.' Had Mr Bannen's Hamlet put half a mind to his problems and not just the residue of madness he might have succeeded. He was already beyond many of the sicklied Hamlets who bring little more than a sprinkle of tears to join their sea of troubles.

I would feel more comfortable criticising Mr Bannen if he had not been so attacked elsewhere. He has dared to be original, playing Hamlet as unique man. Mr Wood has also dared to read the text for himself. He has, it is true, introduced some eccentricities; but, since Garrick started tipping over the chairs, who can say what is too eccentric in this play? Mr Wood spoils himself with some misdirected acting; a ghost who yodels, a king very like a shop-walker, a queen from the suburbs, a puppyish Fortinbras. Only Geraldine McEwan, as Ophelia distrait, and Newton Blick, as the Gravedigger, have colour and body. But while he is down in one particular, Mr Wood is high up in another. The power of *Hamlet* is that whenever we see it, it perplexes; and this production perplexes more than most. It is the kind of adventure that keeps Stratford, now into its one hundred and second season, new.

The Tenth Man (Comedy) is a Jewish mystery play, made powerful by its glimpses of synagogue ritual, made moving by its secular concern – the insanity of a young girl – and cheapened by its patter of Jewish jokes. The Jews, like the Irish, *use* their servility and insecurity; they enjoy making themselves ridiculous. The Jewish anti-semitic story is the equivalent of the Handy Andy sagas. The difference is that while the Jews make their jokes among themselves, the Irish make them to their masters. Both are boring and sentimental and too near the heart of a desperation to be more than fixed grins. Put on the stage, moreover, they are bad for actors; once accent and whimsy have their head it is almost impossible to reveal character. It was only producer's firmness that saved Paddy Chayefsky's play from itself. Donald McWhinnie jingled the jokes in one small pocket, adopting the music hall technique of comedians arsing face forward to the audience. The rest of the stage he kept uncontaminated, either as holy ground for the ritual or as a space for schizophrenia. It was a brilliant solution.

Then *The Tenth Man* flourished. It concerns the casting out of a Dybbuk, an evil migrant soul seeking a way to heaven. This Dybbuk inhabits the body of an 18-year-old girl. In employing religious ritual, Mr Chayefsky is half way to the roof: it is the oldest theatre in the world. He is also a man of generous sympathies, and his 13 characters each have a distinct humanity; they feel and make us feel. The 'Tenth Man' is the last member of the quorum that Jewish prayers and the ceremony of exorcism require. He comes in from the street, has a Dybbuk of his own exorcised by accident, and then walks off jauntily to marry the still possessed girl. It is a trick ending that smells of Broadway; anything – even artificial flowers – for a rosy ending. Had Mr Chayefsky carried the girl out in one of his fits we might have gone with him; instead he carries her off on a green-back.

The Tenth Man sets a standard for the even excellence of its cast; these are actors in a team. It also has moments of outstanding individual performance: Cyril Shaps in a vision of his dead father, Harold Goldblatt in trembling anxiety for his mad granddaughter, and the granddaughter herself, Valerie Gearon, describing the courses of her madness. This is Valerie Gearon's first appearance in London; she must be made to stay.

To the Scaffold

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Whatever the reason – his stage fixation or Hollywood or a mixture of the two – Tony Richardson (our promising director of *Look Back in Anger* and *The Entertainer*), is in a bad way; the sad fact is that *Sanctuary* (London Pavilion) lacks both wits and energy. Once again his subject is from the theatre, with a couple of novels in the background, and if ever novels should have stayed on the printed page they are those of Faulkner. We are plunged into the deep South, that old resort of melodrama; the actors seem always to be coming to the front of a stage; and they change character as delusively as suspects in a 'tec drama. Yves Montand, starting as a sinister Jouvet, gets burned up in a car crash, but years later comes back, smiling if embarrassed; Lee Remick, being raped or not, seems embarrassed most of the time; the wide screen has obviously been an embarrassment from start to finish. In fact the only one not put out at all is the coloured actress Odetta, who takes drugs and, having committed infanticide in the best of causes, goes thankfully to the scaffold. Mr Richardson will have to do better with *A Taste of Honey* or he may be in danger of being written off.

Since *Psycho*, there have been several attempts at Hitchcock, and now a revival brings us, if not the Master fully extended, at least a revival of one of his livelier efforts. I see him as an all-in wrestler, forever grappling his public, trying out new holds, fierce grunts, uglier gestures, and now and then a cryptic smile. *Strangers on a Train* (Warner's) doesn't go so far back, only nine years, and it revives pretty well. The shocks of that time involve close-ups of anonymous trouser-legs, train encounters, the municipal architecture of the American South-West, the sickening bat-bat of a tennis final and the amusement park at night with a tunnel of love that will lead to murder. As a matter of fact this is one of his best workaday thrillers. It comes from a still more deeply persuasive novel by Patricia Highsmith, and its situation, a playboy who offers to swap murders, still grips. There are notable instants: the murderer who seeks reciprocity, straddled lonely under an immense portico, and among the turning heads in a tennis crowd keeping his head still. Robert Walker does it in good *Rope* style.

The massive climax crosscuts between furious tennis and a hand reclaiming essential evidence from a street drain. But emptiness is creeping up. Children are shown enjoying themselves on the roundabout to swell the suspense; when it runs wild and crashes, they are forgotten – the murderer must be killed, the hero escape. This is black make-believe cutting its own throat. Nor would even a millionaire's maniac son advertise himself with name writ large on his tie.

Jack B. Yeats, at the Waddington Galleries

Jack Yeats (1871-1957), the poet's younger brother, has gradually gained recognition for his later oil paintings – large, fluid landscapes, suffused with nostalgia and romantic splendour. In his twenties and thirties, however, he was laying the foundations of his later, freer work with a series of studies of provincial life, mainly Irish, in water-colour, pencil, pen and ink. Sixty of these have been brought together into a fascinating exhibition. Their particular revelation lies in the subject-matter: jaunty single figures, groups of characters rich in individuality, standing, talking or suddenly fighting, at travelling

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GRANADA TV

fairs and country race-meetings; all very much in their element, and caught by the pencil of a warm, detached observer whose dexterous art sets these expressive faces and characteristic stances against their familiar backgrounds. And Yeats seems to have been well enough acquainted with the best of European illustrators such as Guys, Daumier and Lautrec to place his subjects naturally in arresting – and for their time, advanced – compositions without loss of mood.

Yeats, however, did not develop the probing line as they did, the relentless analysis of the anatomy of flesh, bone and muscle behind the facial expression; softness, sweetness and caricature lurk at the edges of his work. But this weakness is disguised by his ability with colour – each painting has its own individual resonance. The exhibition contains some enchanting landscapes, and an interesting portrait of the young Masefield; but its particular interest is in the art, now already too rare, by which ordinary people emerge in all their richness, going about the business of their lives, and cutting a dash.

MICHAEL SHEPHERD

Week-end Competition

No. 1,626 **Set by Columba**

Some of the most remarkable personalities in English journalism were sent to cover the Eichmann trial, including Rebecca West, James Morris, Cassandra, Colin Welch (late of 'Peter Simple'), George Gale (*Daily Express*), Hugh Trevor-Roper and Donald Edgar (*Evening Standard*). Imagine any one of these in the Gagarin spacesuit; the usual prizes for the opening sentences (not more than five) of their report from space. Entries by 2 May.

Result of No. 1,623 **Set by Tom Brown**

Irish TV is expected to begin within the next few months. The Government of Eire may run into difficulties in collecting the licence fee (about £4) since at present Irish viewers can watch British TV for nothing. The usual prizes are offered for an Irish reaction to the situation in the manner of: Swift, Wilde, Shaw, Yeats, Joyce, Somerville and Ross, Synge, O'Casey, Beckett or Brendan Behan. Not more than 100 words or 12 lines of verse.

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Report

It was not just the £4 that stuck in Irish throats, but the very idea of an autochthonous telly: 'Liffey with the Lions', 'Coal for Kilkenny Cats', 'Sunday Night at the Abbey Theatre' and all that Eamonn (de Valera or Andrews) might offer. Of course, Swift, Shaw, Synge, O'Casey and Behan have all been great slaughterers of the Irish dimwit, the Irish official. But very few competitors executed with the right stab of wit or the right twist of mockery – even though many of them bear Irish names or declare Dublin addresses.

Joyce, in fact, seemed the best, and the most frequent, medium for comment:

> Fourskins for tellyfishing on leafybanks? Subfusc your sets now you liffeypoachers. Didn't we have the loneranger on his yankeesilver and all that farce to face and not a pennyfission betweenst us? Tell me, toll me: quod televidi, tellytwisti. Lo Hi. Fi.

TIMOTHY O'KEEFE

> Quadruped emerald Dubloon demands the pale pound for Ulsterior motives, and costly air currency heralds the twilight of candle crofts over McGillicuddys and westwards under peaty morish.

GEOFFREY PARKER

> . . . but give mihi free Johnbullish soundsight and cocksnook at Erin-go-Brawl.

EILEEN WEBSTER

But I liked Joan Bowers's *Hostage* Meg and Miss Gilchrist:

> MEG: Ah, they're all watching the lovely programmes from London. Down in the cellars with guards posted outside.
>
> MISS G: The Lord be praised! Culture for the lower classes! We'll march shoulder to shoulder with the cream of the nations.

Two guineas to Ian Salisbury and a guinea each for the other entries printed. Runners-up: A. M. Sayers, Andrew Cass, Trooper Jones, Joe Burnhill, A. M. Robertson, W. G. Daish, Alison Edwards, Martin Fagg and Ken Geering.

JAMES JOYCE

Irish dancing I suppose a lot of flatchested little girls jigging up and down with their medals rattling hed pay up of course glued to the set night after night to see could he catch a glimpse of something he shouldnt ah but the other now with those lovely announcers so clean whats the word cleanlimbed and their beautiful English voices apologising with every breath for having spoken at all as if theyd just peed on the carpet now that d be worth it but sure thats free anyway I wonder now could we hide the aerial some way.

IAN SAINSBURY

Whisht. Wait. Slffrttt. Yes. Going. Slafttslufting stairsdown. Hah. Better. Saying before I was rudely. A tuneofthe, taleofthe. Telemeataleofthe S. O'Sion means sappy mothering. Lovely rich tenor that. Gob, the cheek of it. Four sovereigns, no less. Powers inveshted in me be Minister. What do they think I. No surrender. Mareschal Bloomcher. Tirez les premiers, messieurs. Four quid. Blowout. Get Gertie garters.

Agenbite of outpay. Might come back. What? Get dog. Irish wolfhound. Tap. Tube going. Tap Going. Along the twitteringnittering channels of, Drefting, Tidebound channels of. Night. Alone now. Police on their side, of course. If only Parnell.

LESLIE MALLORY

SAMUEL BECKETT

Nurt and Clod are sitting before the television screen, which is blank. There has been a breakdown. Suddenly the picture reappears.

NURT: At last.
CLOD: It's begun.
NURT *pulls out plug by the flex*: It's over.
CLOD: What did you do that for?
NURT: I don't know. Hadn't it begun?
CLOD: It's finished.
NURT: Then what are we waiting for?
CLOD: I don't know. Irish programmes, perhaps.
NURT: Will there be any?
CLOD: This is one.
They stare at the blank screen.
NURT: We shouldn't have paid the licence.
CLOD: It'll be better when it's over.
NURT: True.

J. A. LINDON

ESTRAGON (*peevishly*): Four pounds. It's a lot money.
VLADIMIR: It is.
E (*rousing*): It's not as if we wanted it. You can always see the other.
V: What?
E: I don't know. Channel.
V: English.
E: British. Yes. (*Pause.*) If it comes.
V (*irritated*): It should be coming . . .
E: They didn't say for sure it was coming.
V: Did they not. I don't know.
E: Expected to begin within the next few months. That's what they said.
V: Well? And if it comes? (*Suddenly alarmed*) What if they come for the money?
E: Nothing.
V: Ah. (*Pause.*) Let's go then.
E: Yes. We'll go. (*Neither moves.*)

ALISON EDWARDS

SWIFT

The government has declared, that the Common People must be delivered from watching the Vain Shows of the English, such as Wells Fargo, Klondike, Ed Murrow and Perry Como, and that this can be done by allowing them, on payment of a fee, to watch Wholesome and Nourishing Irish Shows, such as Waggon Train, Gunsmoke, Sgt Bilko and Perry Mason.

Science Notebook

NIGEL CALDER

After last week there will be two kinds of people in the world: the Gagarins, whose health, age, training, nationality and good fortune will have combined to secure their places among the elite that have seen the curve of the pale-blue Earth; and the rest of us – the Gagarouts if you like. The first of the elite has been duly hugged and feasted, and there has even been an occasional nod, when people remember, to the scientists and engineers who put him there. Now is the time to consider what it all means to us underdogs.

Of course, the thing is worth doing for its own sake; the only argument on that score must surely concern the value in money and technological resources, to be put on Man's ambition to fly to the planets. But we have to pay, directly or indirectly, so it is both reasonable and interesting to enquire what we are going to get out of it. Vicarious adventure, and a refreshingly new view of the human situation? True. But these are intangibles. Can we look forward to anything harder? Certainly we can, even if we still have to guess precisely what the benefits may be.

Let us leave aside those likely rewards of space engineering which do not, according to current thinking, involve men in space. In other words, discount the general progress in technology, the probable world-wide communications system using satellites to reflect very short radio waves or light beams, the satellites to help navigators, and the meteorological space research which should help to improve weather forecasts and possibly show the way to climate control. It may turn out that we shall one day want maintenance engineers in orbit and weather forecasters stationed on the Moon, but they will only add to the dividends.

First, we should look at what we may learn from space flight *per se*, regardless of the destination. One of the most important things is quite mundane and personal. and should have a special appeal for those of us who travel to work in uncomfortable conditions. From one point of view, space flight is a basic experiment in stress, and like many promising scientific experiments it deals with an artificially simplified situation in which conditions are carried to extremes. So we can look for new knowledge and attitudes coming from space medicine which will influence the design of earthbound vehicles and may go much further, in identifying and ameliorating the harmful stresses of modern everyday life. On the other hand, it will also lead to a reappraisal of the limits of human endurance, both physical and mental, which may encourage us to be less hypochondriac.

Closely related to space medicine proper is the design of the living conditions in a space vehicle, from the point of view of air supply, food, disposal of body waste, and so on. This work may provoke new ideas in air-conditionings and from the intense study of algae cultures, as a means of converting exhaled carbon dioxide into food and oxygen, there may come the knowledge which will enable algae to take the important role in feeding the world's hungry that many have predicted for them.

A third, but perhaps less appealing reward of space flight may be rocket transport across the Earth, for passengers or mail. It is difficult to see at present that this is either worthwhile or economically feasible, but our children may take a different view.

Turning now to the astronaut as scientist, trudging or motoring about the Moon and the planets, it is here that the prospects are more exciting because they are even less predictable. Having heard and read much about plans for conducting geology and biology on other worlds by automatic instruments, I have come to believe that it may well be more economical to send men than the extremely elaborate robot systems which are intended as substitutes. A geologist on the Moon or a biologist on Mars would be worth far more than a hundred robots.

Take the geologist: he is not going to find any new elements, nor any ores worth mining and transporting back to Earth – at least until we have squandered the Earth's own, and probably not even then. However, the illumination of geological thought that would come from seeing and analysing conditions on other worlds could well be immense, and might be of indirect benefit in assisting the search for minerals on Earth. As for the biologist, who knows what he may not encounter? There may be directly useful plants on Mars which he can bring back, as the American colonizers brought back potatoes, tobacco and rubber, or plants adapted to cold and arid conditions which could be applied in the terrestrial tundra and deserts. (He may also, as I have said many times, bring back diseases.) But, what we can look for with greater certainty is a knowledge of life very different from that on Earth, which will inspire great progress in all branches of biology, not least medicine.

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City Lights

TAURUS

It is indisputable, he said, looking straight ahead of him, that last year's prosperity rested on an insufficiently secure foundation. The aim of this Budget, he went on, nodding politely backwards to his script-writer, is to restrain the growth of consumption, continue to encourage investment, and leave room for increased exports. Slowly through the statistical rigmarole and the usual list of teasing trivialities; and then, suddenly, the metamorphosis – Selwyn-the-Surtax-Slasher appeared, spoke briefly, and sat down in the glow of a lifetime's daydream realised.

Political courage? The reductions in surtax were not only much larger than anyone had expected; they were balanced neither by increased taxes on consumption (which all stern-faced economists had advocated) nor by a capital gains tax (to which the City had resigned itself as a reasonable *quid pro quo*). 'This switch of burden from the individual to companies', he said, 'will be generally approved'. In fact, the increase in the price of fuel oil has been approved only by Mr Robens, and the increase in profits tax seems to have been approved by nobody at all: they are both odd increases to make at a time when 'there is reason to fear that the chronic process of cost inflation may speed up further'. It is not difficult to trace a scale of enthusiasm in the first reactions. The Institute of Directors welcomed the surtax cuts unreservedly as the best news it had heard in many years ('a powerful shot-in-the-arm for management'). The Federation of British Industries (it, too, referred delicately to 'changes' in surtax) welcomed the cuts but regretted the increase in profits tax.

The City, of course, was delighted on principle – especially jobbers and brokers, who probably benefit more from the Budget than any other section of the country; Mr Lloyd, if he wants an honest-sounding profession to put on his passport, can become a goldsmith, or a fishmonger, or a cordwainer whenever he pleases. But even his chief beneficiaries are a little unhappy about his extravagance, and the City is full of uneasy jokes about waiting-lists for Eton and the price of houses in Sussex. Mr Lloyd is probably the only man who takes this stuff about incentives seriously. The £3,000-a-year man gets a sharp cut in marginal rate of tax – an incentive to work harder and earn more if that sort of incentive were of much practical importance in industry. The £10,000-a-year man needs less incentive and gets a smaller cut in his marginal rate, but he gets a tremendous reduction in his actual tax bill without lifting a finger. To put it bluntly: Dr Beeching would now keep as much of his income if it were £12,000 a year, as he did, last year, on his £24,000! The City, knowing this, is prepared to take the money and disregard the patter.

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to make of the new secret weapon, 'the economic regulator'. The odds are that this Wellsian fantasy is no more than a reflection of failure. Physical controls are 'matters of some controversy'. Monetary controls are at last going out of fashion. Hire-purchase controls are effective but inequitable. There is nothing left but the Budget, and the Budget (when things are going well) takes place only once a year; so Mr Lloyd wants power to vary excise duties by order and to levy a poll-tax on employers when he sees fit. The poll-tax can be forgotten for the time being: it will be technically impossible to make use of it much before the year-end, and it runs out next April. Mr Lloyd, muddling the notion of a payroll-tax as a long-term incentive to economise on labour with the hope of a substitute for HP controls, seems to have slipped it into his speech at the last moment, leaving nobody time to think out how it would be operated in practice.

The idea of sudden changes in purchase-tax (which are already possible) and excise duties is of more practical importance, but their effect is bound to be relatively mild and gradual. In fact, economic policy has to be more and more concerned with long-term rather than short-term considerations. The government's gradual abnegation of power to control the economy is part, whether it realises it or not, of a gradual move towards closer international co-operation. Currency and import restrictions are out, violent differences in interest rates are now to be outlawed, tariffs are to come down all round. If we go into Europe, our various systems of social security and agricultural support will gradually be forced into line – and our various rates of taxation too.

The stock market is still a little flabbergasted. The jobbers, who had every reason to feel delighted, marked their prices up on Tuesday, but investors were slow to buy. They will probably not hesitate for long. The only emotional offset to the slashing cuts in surtax is the possibility that Mr Lloyd may be serious in his threat to crack down one day on expense-accounts and to tax the profits of Stock Exchange and property speculators – a step already permitted by law but scarcely ever taken. Equities, despite the prospect of lower profits and still lower earnings, will probably rise further.

Company News

Bowater Paper has raised its dividend from 12½ to 13¾ per cent, presumably an indication of better profits on the way.

British Petroleum's dividend is up as expected from 2s 2d to 2s 4d tax free, and there is a scrip issue to come.

Dunlop has reported unexpectedly good profits and a small increase in dividend.

British Insulated Callender's Cables, still recovering from the price-cutting war, has reported unchanged earnings to accompany a sizeable rise in sales, and is proposing to raise £15m by a mixed issue of debenture and ordinary stock.

Parsons, the heavy electrical group, has increased its profit sharply and raised its dividend from 9⅜ to 12½ per cent.

The *Rank Organisation*, whose shares have been uncommonly active recently, has forecast a higher dividend and is making a rights issue on the strength of it.

The Chess Board

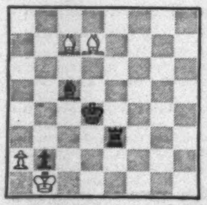
No. 597. Our Study Competition

Since, obviously, every one of our prize-winners deserves the courtesy of a diagram rather than a line or two of Forsyth I'll be more than usually short of space this week and next. Even so, it is my first and most pleasant duty to express the great debt of gratitude we owe to our Hon. Jury. We were lucky indeed that both André Chéron and Harold Lommer were willing once again to shoulder that onerous burden, the more so when considering the infinite pains and patience they invariably devote to such a task. F.I.D.E. has deservedly honoured them both by conferring the title 'International Judge'. Chéron has also been appointed 'International Master', apart from being universally considered the greatest contemporary authority on the endgame. The entry coped with by our Hon. Jurors was even more remarkable for quality than for quantity. Out of some sixty entries at least a dozen came from world famous composers. A potential 1st prize-winner by Korolkov and Mitrofanov having suffered timely 'demolition' by our vigilant jurors we can but hope that those great composers will yet find a way to cure rather than kill their piece. Sarichev (a draw) was thus promoted 1st As for the Baxter (a win), this is a most remarkable study on the theme of 'conjugate squares', which may provide a provisional hint for solvers. I'll add yet another helpful hint or two next week; meanwhile enough said that Chéron scrutinised this piece for fully four months. My original notion for spending the editor's 15 gns was to award three prizes of 5 gns, 4 gns, and 3 gns and two 'honorary mentions' of 1½ gns each. Instead, I will award a fourth at 2 gns, and a 5th at one gn, the reason being that Blandford's entry – an almost certain 1st prize winner in any lesser competition – is too outstanding a piece for a mere 'Hon Ment'. As for Hooper (whose piece, just like the Missiaen and the Blandford, is a win for White), he can be proud indeed of his place in so exalted a prize-list, ahead of at least three world famous Russian composers (apart from the two I named) and some no lesser celebrities from Sweden, Switzerland, Germany, Austria and elsewhere. As for my own 5 gns 'consolation prizes' I will announce the winners next week. In accordance with international custom (so as to give cook-hunters a chance) awards achieved validity three months after publication. Today's pieces at eight ladder points each. Entries by 1 May. Competition report held over until next week.

ASSIAC

1st prize:

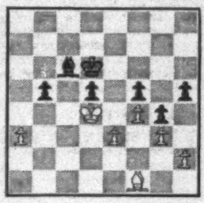
A. SARICHEV



2nd prize:

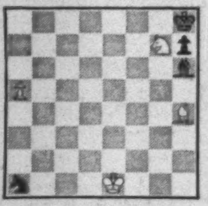
J. N. BAXTER

Dedicated to C. J. S. Purdy



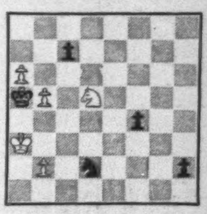
3rd prize:

R. MISSIAEN



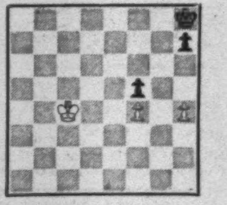
4th prize:

H. F. BLANDFORD



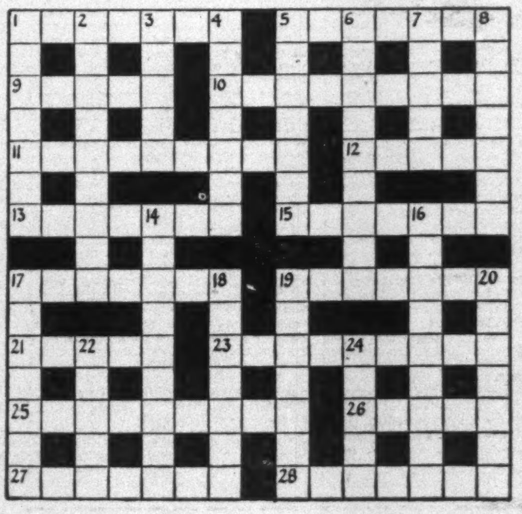
5th prize:

D. HOOPER



Week-end Crossword 454

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 454, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 2 May.



ACROSS

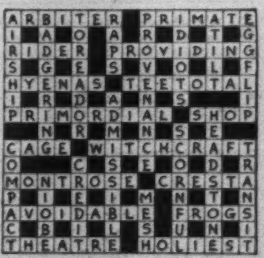
1. Proposition for people with a mineral holding (7).
5. Tenser when there is high tension in a killer (7).
9. Cross lines for hospital apparatus (5).
10. Boat meeting without me for celebration (9).
11. In revised edicts holds the punished (9).
12. Scene of conflict in which to beware nastiness (5).
13. Home by swallowing a clue (7).
15. Perhaps likes including very loud music (7).
17. Victory coming late for a schoolboy in play (7).
19. Seat of learning has to take its place in change (7).
21. 'Thy knotted and combined —— to part' (*Hamlet*) (5).
23. Town has to learn differently about actors (9).
25. Preceptive for Frenchman and a conservative (9).
26. The island has to stop soldiers entering (5).
27. The knight-errant discovers a boy in agony (7).
28. Dignity has a function in a realm's reform (7).

DOWN

1. Vehicle for a team caught in a flap (7).
2. Something given off when I rise above a country (9).
3. In spite of failures I try to take it again (5).
4. The glory of a joke in time (7).
5. Island adapted to needs (7).
6. The range rider starts becoming a soldier (9).
7. Twist for half the term without success (5).
8. Red with rage, is put in a different class (7).
14. Furniture enabling the test bowler to get on top of the batting (9).
16. Squandered piecemeal (9).
17. It enables one to show class frontiers (7).
18. A change of capital could make this people rise in the world (7).
19. Painting showing a vehicle running over a ditch (7).
20. Something on board to make the police carry weapons (7).
22. Is it possible for a lake to become a waterway? (5).
24. Colour for ever (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 452



A R B I T E R ■ P R I M A T E
I ■ A ■ O ■ A ■ R ■ D ■ T ■ G
R I D E R ■ P R O V I D I N G
S ■ G ■ E ■ S ■ V ■ O ■ L ■ F
H Y E N A S ■ T E E T O T A L
I ■ R ■ D ■ A ■ N ■ S ■ ■ ■ I
P R I M O R D I A L ■ S H O P
■ ■ N ■ R ■ M ■ N ■ S ■ E ■ ■
C A G E ■ W I T C H C R A F T
O ■ ■ ■ C ■ S ■ E ■ O ■ D ■ R
M O N T R O S E ■ C R E S T A
P ■ I ■ E ■ I ■ M ■ N ■ T ■ N
A V O I D A B L E ■ F R O G S
C ■ B ■ I ■ L ■ S ■ U ■ N ■ I
T H E A T R E ■ H O L I E S T

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 452

Roy Paterson (Pollokshields)
A. J. Mouzer (Birmingham)
John D. Holmes (Penrith)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. per line (average six words). minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Prepayment essential. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post. New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM
Department of Economics

Applications are invited for an ASSISTANT LECTURESHIP (£800 x 50 to 950) or LECTURESHIP (£1,050 x 50 to 1,400 x 75 to 1,850) in the Department of Economics.

Applications (2 copies) naming two referees, should be sent by 12 May 1961 to the Assistant Registrar (Commerce and Social Science), The University, Birmingham, 15, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

OXFORDSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE TECHNICAL COLLEGE, HENLEY-ON-THAMES

Principal: D. K. Pitt, BSc.

Applications are invited for a lively, energetic man or woman with good organising ability to take charge of a small Art Centre within the College, and to develop it as a centre of influence in the appreciation and practice of the Arts in the area it serves, and art and craft activities as leisure-time pursuits.

The post will be half-time and should attract someone requiring time for professional work of their own.

The salary will be on the scale £350-£575 plus additions for degree and training. Further particulars and application forms obtainable from the undersigned. Applications to be forwarded to the Principal at the College, Gravel Hill, Henley-on-Thames, within two weeks of the appearance of this advertisement.

A. R. CHORLTON,
Director of Education,
County Offices, Oxford.

MIDDLESBROUGH EDUCATION COMMITTEE

HEAD OF 'THE BARNS'

Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for appointment, from 1 September 1961, as HEAD of 'THE BARNS,' a large house well-furnished and equipped for use as a centre for women's classes, vocational and non-vocational, in Cookery, Needlework, Embroidery, Dressmaking and other women's courses. The post offers unusual opportunity for interesting developments in this field of further education.

Salary in accordance with Burnham Technical Report Head of Department Grade I (£1,420 x £35 to £1,600).

Further particulars and the application form may be obtained from the Director of Education, Education Offices, Woodlands Road, Middlesbrough, to whom completed applications should be returned by 1 May.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY COUNCIL – EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Required at Hounslow Child Guidance Centre, School Rd, Hounslow, Middx:

(1) Psychiatric Social Workers, full- & part-time (2 sessions p.wk). PTA quals & salary.

(2) Psychotherapist (part-time. 4 sessions p.wk). Honours degree in Psychology with recognised post-graduate mental health training &/or equiv. exper. in child therapy. Fee £2 15s. 6d. p.session. Application forms (s.a.e.) Post (1) from Borough Education Officer, 6 Lampton Rd, Hounslow; Post (2) from Chief Education Officer, (Ref. GP), 10 Great George St, Westminster, SW1, returnable by 5 May. (Quote G.23 NS&N.)

A rapidly expanding and progressive social service organisation needs:

EXPERIENCED CLERK to deal with records and payments; competent typist. Age immaterial.

SECRETARIAL ASSISTANT for Welfare Staff; good shorthand-typist; helpful with human problems; capable of using initiative.

WELFARE OFFICER (female); able to do own typing. Personality and potentialities more important than experience or diplomas. 1961 holidays given in full. Applications in writing to the Chief Welfare Officer, Electrical Industries Benevolent Association, 10 Buckingham Palace Gardens, SW1, giving experience, age and salary required.

WOODLANDS Holiday Camp, near Sevenoaks, Kent. Wanted, two girls to assist Whit-week and woman assistant cook for summer season.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

GLAMORGAN COUNTY COUNCIL

require SIX HOME TEACHERS OF THE BLIND to serve in the following areas of the County –

Neath and West Glamorgan – 2
Bridgend & South East Glamorgan – 1
Aberdare – 1
Pontypridd – 1
Rhondda – 1

Salary, if possessing Certificate of College of Home Teachers of the Blind, on Grade APT I (£645-£815 p.a.).

Consideration will also be given to applicants (over age 21 years) not so qualified, for appointment as Trainees for a period of approximately 2 years; continued employment conditional upon obtaining Home Teachers' Certificate in that period. Commencing salary during training £420-£630 or £710 according to age and GCE qualifications, progressing upon qualifying to Grade APT I.

Application forms and further details from Director of Welfare Services, County Hall, Cardiff. Closing date 30 April 1961.

Richard John, Clerk of the County Council.

SOMERSET COUNTY COUNCIL CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

Applications are invited for the appointment of Deputy Children's Officer, Chief Officers' Scale 'A' (£1,340 to £1,565). A University qualification in Social Science is essential and experience in casework supervision desirable. This is a new post in the Department and further particulars may be obtained, together with a form of application, from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Taunton.

SOUTH WEST METROPOLITAN REGIONAL HOSPITAL BOARD

Applications are invited from honours graduates in psychology for three training posts as psychologists undertaking a two-years' course in clinical psychology. During the first year, the trainees will be required generally to take the 1961/62 course for the University of London Academic Post-graduate Diploma in Psychology (Abnormal Psychology) at the Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, and during the second year to undertake in-service training in different institutions in the Region. If suitable candidates are not available for this type of course, trainees may be appointed to come directly into a two-years' in-service training course in the Region. Successful candidates will be required to sign a contract to serve within the Region for at least two years after completion of their training period. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with Whitley Council PTA Circular No. 72, as amended from time to time. Applications giving full personal data and the names and addresses of two referees should be sent to the undersigned at 40 Eastbourne Terrace, London, W2, by 29 April.

E. G. BRAITHWAITE, Secretary.

ESSEX

RAINSFORD YOUTH CENTRE & SENIOR EVENING INSTITUTE, CHELMSFORD

Applications are invited for the post of full-time WARDEN of this Centre. The Youth Centre offers formal classes in commercial and craft subjects and recreational activities for over 400 members.

The Senior Evening Institute offers similar classes for over 200 adults. Candidates should hold a degree, teaching certificate or Diploma/Certificate in Social Studies or Youth Leadership, and must have had experience in Youth work and/or teaching.

Salary in accordance with Grade II of the Committee's scales for Wardens of Youth Centres, viz. £925 x £30(6) x £20(1) to £1,125 per annum. The scale is subject to additions for training and graduate qualifications if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salary Report conditions.

Further details and application forms obtainable from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date 8 May 1961.

TYPOGRAPHER AND BOOK DESIGNER

required for Production Dept of London publishing house. Technical knowledge of all printing processes and practical experience of book work and pictorial layout essential.

Apply in writing giving full details (in strictest confidence) to Box 2401.

SECRETARY-typist, 10 a.m.-4 p.m., or by arrangement. £425 per annum. Write: Family Development Study, Cambridge House, Camberwell New Road, SE5.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

ESSEX

Belhus Park Community Centre.
LCC Estate, Aveley

A full-time WARDEN is required as soon as possible for the Centre. Applications are invited from persons with a suitable academic qualification and/or experience of Community Centre work. Housing accommodation on the estate can be arranged.

Salary in accordance with Grade I of the Committee's scale for Community Centre Wardens, viz. £875 x £30(6) x £20(1) to £1,075 per annum plus additions for training and qualifications if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Report conditions.

Details and application form obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date 5 May 1961.

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

The Prison Welfare Service presents a new challenge to social workers. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for the posts of Prison Welfare Officer at HM Prisons, Canterbury and Dorchester. Adequate experience in social work is essential and a social science qualification is desirable. Commencing salary, as for Probation Service, £835 (age 29 and above) with six increments to £1,025. Further details and application forms (returnable by 28 April 1961) from General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

TRIBUNE

Applications are invited for the position of BUSINESS MANAGER which will shortly become vacant.

Applications will be dealt with in strict confidence and should state age; positions held in Labour movement; previous employment; experience, if any, in the newspaper field; present salary; and any other information which the applicant thinks relevant.

They should be sent to:

THE MANAGING DIRECTOR,
TRIBUNE PUBLICATIONS LTD.
222 STRAND, LONDON, WC2.

AUSTRALIAN National University. Chair of Classics, Increased Salary Scale. Applications are invited for the newly created Chair of Classics in the School of General Studies of the University. The Professor will be head of the Department of Classics which was established in 1956 under an Associate Professor who is due to retire in December 1961. The appointee will be asked to take up duty on 1 January 1962 or as soon as possible thereafter. The salary of a Professor in the School of General Studies is at present £A4,250 p.a. Further information and the summary forms which must accompany an application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 20 May 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship/Senior Lectureship in English Literature. Lectureship in English Language. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned positions. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,550 x 95 – £3,000 per annum; for a Lecturer within the range £A1,730 x 105 – £2,435 per annum. In each case cost of living adjustments will be allowed (at present £A36 p.a.) The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 26 May 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Lecturer in Education. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. The primary qualification sought is competence to undertake a course in methods of teaching Geography to prospective secondary school teachers. For this, good academic qualifications in Geography, and relevant experience are necessary. Qualifications in addition to these that would enable the lecturer to undertake other courses in the Department will be an advantage, for example a higher degree in Education or Psychology, or another teaching method. Salary £A1,830/£A2,330 p.a. The successful applicant will enjoy the privileges of superannuation, study leave, travel grants and other benefits available to the academic staff. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 31 May 1961.

TEACHER of English required in Italy next September. Box 2333.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Lecturer in Classics. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Applicants should have a good Honours Degree in Classics, and should either have completed a course of postgraduate study in Classics or have had several years' experience of teaching Classics (whether in a school or at a university). Salary £A1,830/£A2,330 p.a. The successful applicant will enjoy the privileges of superannuation, study leave, travel grants and other benefits available to the academic staff. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 29 May 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Senior Lecturer in Extension Methods. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Applicants must have a University degree, preferably a higher degree, with training in Extension Education. Salary £A2,520-£A70-£A2,870 p.a. The successful applicant will enjoy the privileges of superannuation, study leave, travel grants and other benefits available to the academic staff. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 31 May 1961.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Senior Lecturer in Economics. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned appointment. Ability to teach advanced classes in Statistics and Econometrics would be an advantage. The salary will be £1,750 per annum rising to £2,000 per annum, the initial salary being determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 31 May 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland. New Zealand. Lectureship in Economics. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. The appointee will be expected to teach and examine courses primarily in economic history and to undertake research in this field, but he may also be required to do some teaching and examining in the more elementary stages of economic theory. The salary scale for the position is £1,250 per annum, rising to £1,700 per annum by annual increments of £75. Commencing salary within this scale will be determined in accordance with qualifications and experience. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 2 June 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Deputy Registrar. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post to be vacated by Mr A. C. T. Rowe-Evans on his appointment as Secretary to Makerere College. Applicants should be graduates of British Universities, and have experience of University administration. The present salary scale, which is under review, is £2,000 x £75 – £2,300 for a man or £1,500 x £60 – £1,740 for a woman. There is also an expatriation allowance of £250 a year if applicable. The equivalent of income tax in the Colony is comparatively low. First-class sea passages are provided for expatriate staff and their families on first appointment and leaves. Accommodation at reasonable rental is provided for those receiving expatriation allowance. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in London and Hong Kong, on 31 May 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Readership in Philosophy. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. Applicants should possess appropriate academic qualifications and teaching experience. Annual salary (superannuable) is £2,500 for a man or £1,900 for a woman. There is also an expatriation allowance of £300 a year if applicable. Salaries are under review. The equivalent of income tax in the Colony is comparatively low. First-class sea passages are provided for expatriate staff and their families on first appointment and leaves. Accommodation at reasonable rental is provided for those receiving expatriation allowance. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Hong Kong and London on 9 June 1961.

CLUB leader required for Jewish Girls' Club. Four evenings per week. Salary £300 p.a. Apply Secretary, Cambridge & Hackney Associated Clubs, 4 Martello St, London, E8.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for two full-time posts of Assistant in the Research Section of the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. The persons appointed will be expected to carry out research in (for one post) Industrial Economics and (for the other) Econometrics. The vacancies are in either Grade II (which carries the status of Assistant Lecturer) or Grade III. The salary scales are as follows: Grade II – £800 to £950 per annum; Grade III – £675 to £725 per annum. Aplns should be sent not later than 1 May 1961 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of appln may be obtained.

GOVERNMENT of Aden. Vacancy for Labour Relations Officer. Candidates, men only, preferably between 40 and 50, must have experience of Trade Union organisations and negotiating procedures and of the operation of Whitley Councils. Experience as Secretary to either a Trade Union or Employees Organisation and of Government and Local Government organisation and administration desirable. Post on Contract/gratuity terms. Salary in scale £1,067 to £2,004 inclusive. Quarters at low rental. Free passages and medical attention. Outfit and Children's Education allowances. Tour of service 18-24 months. Low income tax. Generous home leave. Further particulars and Application forms from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, London, SW1, quoting BCD.89/2/013/A4. Candidates should state their full names when applying.

MIDDLESEX County Council – County Health Dept. Psychiatric Social Workers reqd. for pre & after-care in Community Care Service. Adequate office accom. & clerical assistance available. Scope for individual interest in developing field of psychiatric social work, also opportunity for learning teaching methods of group supervision. Establishment of 10 psychiatric social workers & County Psychiatric Social Work Organiser. Case work consultation with exper. psychiatric social workers available for newly qualified. PTA quals & salary. Established. Prescribed conditions. Car allowance payable. Particulars & 2 referees to County Medical Officer. Ref. 'S', 3, 5 & 7 Old Queen St, SW1 by 5 May. (Quote F.981 NS).

COUNTY Council of Essex. Applications are invited from women for residential post of Teacher at Remand Home for 22 girls, near Chelmsford. Ability to teach simple handwork and crafts and provide other organised activities and games for girls. Also general duties in connection with the welfare, occupation and supervision of the girls. Salary for qualified teacher Burnham Scale plus £60 allowance and payment not exceeding £216 per annum for extraneous duties, less £135 per annum board and lodging. Post vacant 1 September. Teachers Superannuation Scheme. Apply: Children's Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

ST PANCRAS Borough Council. Appointment of Librarian. A vacancy exists for a Senior Assistant in the Public Libraries Department (Second-in-charge of a Branch) – APT Grade II – £815-£960 plus London weighting allowance. Applications invited from Chartered Librarians (ALA) with thorough knowledge of all routine duties and experience of modern library methods and activities. St Pancras has a building programme which includes a Central Library and four branch libraries. Applicants must disclose if related to any member or senior officer of the Council. Canvassing disqualifies. Applications by letter with names of three referees by 1 May. R. C. E. Austin, Town Clerk, St Pancras Town Hall, Euston Road, London, NW1.

REQUIRED a Social Case Worker (preferably medical) for research into employment and adjustment problems of adolescents and young adults suffering from cerebral palsy in Dundee and Edinburgh. Research designed to supplement investigations already undertaken. Whitley salary scale. Car allowance. Applics, with names of two referees, to the Secretary, Scottish Council for the Care of Spastics, Rhuemore, 22 Corstorphine Road, Edinburgh, 12.

GENERAL Secretary required for a Council of Social Service. Interesting post for experienced social worker able to administer and co-ordinate activities concerned with CAB, Casework, Old People's Welfare, Mental Health, Disabled, etc. Salary range £650/700. Applications, together with names of two referees, not later than 24 April to General Secretary, Merton and Morden Guild of Social Service, 118 Kingston Road, SW19.

SECRETARY and personal assistant to Chief Executive Officer of expanding, progressive, social service body. Versatility, and high standard of English, required. 1961 holidays granted in full, and arrangements respected. Please apply, stating experience, and salary required, to the Secretary, Electrical Industries Benevolent Association, 10 Buckingham Palace Gardens, Buckingham Palace Road, London, SW1, marking the envelope 'Appointment'.

TEMPORARY Warden urgently required for period of 6-12 months for Adult Education Residential College in North Staffs. Applications giving full particulars, qualifications, names of two referees, and date able to commence, to: The Organising Secretary, Oxford University Tutorial Classes Committee, Rewley House, Wellington Square, Oxford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

LORD Taylor requires a Research Assistant (part-time or full-time) to work primarily in Harlow, at the Industrial Health Centre. The work involves the analysis of case records, the preparation of tables, and report drafting. Knowledge of typing desirable. Appointment for twelve months in first instance. Salary £700 to £750 p.a., or pro-rata if part-time. Applications to the Secretary-Administrator, Harlow Industrial Health Service, Edinburgh Way, Harlow, Essex.

PERSONAL Assistant/Secretary required for Head of Physiology department, National Institute for Research in Dairying. Good secretarial qualifications and some relevant experience, or knowledge of biological science essential. A university degree (preferably in biological science) or equivalent desirable. Commencing salary according to age in scale £469 (age 21) – £568 (age 25 or over on entry) – £796 or for degree in biological science or equivalent, £578 (age 21) – £776 (age 26 or over on entry) – £983, with superannuation in each case. Applications, naming two referees, to Secretary, NIRD, Shinfield, Reading. Quote reference 61/10.

CHEMISTRY mistress required in September for work in new, well-equipped laboratory in girls' independent boarding school, near Williton, West Somerset. Subsidiary physics an advantage. An older applicant, interested in the post of Senior Mistress, preferred, if a communicant member of the Church of England. Resident post. Burnham Scale. Ministry of Education Superannuation. Apply with testimonials to the Headmistress, St Audries School, West Quantoxhead, near Taunton, Somerset.

BRITISH Postgraduate Medical Federation (University of London). Records Officer required, full or part-time, for students' records, filing and simple statistics. Good general education essential. Typing an advantage. Starting salary within range £500-£570 with prospect of promotion to scale £600-£750. Superannuable. A suitable post for married or older women. Secretary Shorthand Typist required for work connected with postgraduate students and their courses. Good general education and some previous office experience necessary. Salary within scale £420-570. Particulars and application form from the Secretary, 18 Guilford Street, WC1.

MAGDALEN College Club, 83 Warrington Street, London, NW1. Deputy Warden required for mixed club and community with a view to take over as Warden probably later this year. Salary scales £600 x 40 – £1,000 and £900 x 50 – £1,350 respectively. Girls' Leader also required from 1 September. Salary scale £500 x 40 – £820, starting point according to qualifications and experience. Details from Warden to whom applications should be sent by 13 May 1961.

AN OPPORTUNITY occurs for young educated woman interested in children and educational problems to gain practical experience with problem children, to discuss views and ideas on education and take a responsible and well-paid position after having proved common sense and ability. Board and nice room plus initial salary of £3 weekly without any deductions; 8-10 weeks annual holidays with pay. Apply to The Principal, Salmons Cross School, Holmbury St Mary, Surrey.

BOOK publishers require an assistant with knowledge of production and good design sense, for interesting responsible post offering excellent scope. Reply with details of previous experience to Box 1990.

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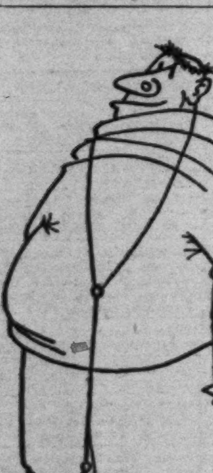

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LECTURES, etc.—contd from p.648

'MICHELET et les Symboles de l'Histoire' by M. Jean Seznec. Institut Français, Queensberry Pl., SW7. Thursday 27 April, 6.15 p.m. Admission free.

HALDANE Society. Robert S. Lazarus, QC, will speak on 'Wards of Court' on Wed. 26 April. 6.30 p.m. Royal Scottish Corporation, Fleur de Lis Court, Fetter Lane, EC4. Admission: Non-members 1s.

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Lecture by Padre Miguel Batllori, SI, on 'Maragall en su centenario' on 24 April at 6 p.m., and lecture by Dn Pablo Cabañas on 'En torno a Pepita Jiménez' on 28 April at 6 p.m.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30, Sun. 23 April. 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings X. Antony Bates: 'A New Bible'.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Holborn, WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 23 Apr. – J. Hutton Hynd 'The Shakespearean Ethic' by John Vyvyan. Chamber Music Concert, 6.30 p.m. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 25 April – David Hume, The Modern Philosopher: H. J. Blackham, BA. Discussion.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 23 April, 6.30, Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'The Heroic Life': H. J. Blackham.

'SPIRIT – the Sustainer'. Public lecture. 23 April, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

IWC Public Lecture. Free. Miss Grace Kimber: 'China Visited' (Illus.). 8.30. Fri. 28 April. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Special Public Meeting at Caxton Hall, SW1, Wed. 26 April, 6.30 p.m. 'Having taken the first step', Mr M. O'C. Walshe. Sat. 29 April at 3 p.m. the Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea). Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enqs: TAT. 1313.

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LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled (1) 'Sound and Meaning'; (2) 'Sound and Poetry'; (3) 'Sound and History' will be delivered by Prof. G. Bonfante (Turin) at 5.30 p.m. on 1, 2 and 4 May at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. Adm. free, without ticket. James Henderson, Acad. Registrar.

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower St, WC1). Professor Richmond Lattimore (Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania) will give the Lord Northcliffe Lectures in Literature entitled 'Forms and Ideas in Greek Tragedy' on 1, 4, 8, 11 May at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket.

'HAS Britain a European Future?' Fabian Weekend School on the problems of European Integration. Hastings, 5-7 May. Director: Roy Jenkins, MP, with Georges Berthoin, Douglas Jay, MP, Roy Pryce, and J. J. Van der Lee. Full details from Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. (WHI. 3077).

LEARN Spanish in Granada! The International Holiday Schools this Summer (any period from 14 June to 9 Sept.) and, throughout the academic year, the Escuela de Estudios Españoles. All levels, all examinations. Get details from Instituto de Lenguas Modernas (NN), Apartado 244, Granada, Spain.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals' Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

RUSSIAN language & literature. Native graduate tutor. Experienced prep. all exams espec. Degree. Box 1915.

LANSDOWNE Secretarial Centre. Enrolments are now being taken at this new secretarial training centre, opening in September, which offers new courses and a new individual approach to learning. Courses for beginners of all ages include: Shorthand/Clerical typist; Secretary – general and specialist for the professions; a Finishing School Course. For those with some previous experience: Refresher Course, Promotion Course, Office Supervisors Course. Syllabuses provide for tuition in: speedhand/shorthand or stenotyping; typing, audio-typing; office procedure and clerical method; elementary statistics, languages. Details from 94 Mount St, Mayfair, London, W1.

INTENSIVE Secretarial Courses. Gregg and Pitman Shorthand. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, London, SW7. KEN 4771

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for London University Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB, BD), & certain Diplomas, General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others). Moderate fees. Prospectus post free from Registrar. 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

TOUCH-typing. Learn in 12-24 private lessons. Miss Sutton, FLAxman 7967.

LECTURE COURSES etc.—continued

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp (mention exam.) from E. W Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

FRENCH Conversation Classes. Day, evening and lunch-time classes. Private lessons. Beginners to Advanced; all with French teachers. Correspondence courses. Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre) (TRA. 2044).

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

PRIVATE Tuition (Shorthand/Typing), Mabel Eyles. Tel.: ENTerprise 3324.

A BETTER chance for your child. With GCE behind him, your child has the world before him. Make sure of success with a Mayflower Postal Course; single subjects or complete syllabus. Qual. teachers; low fees. Details free from Mayflower College, Dept N13, Masons Avenue, Croydon.

ACTING, Speech; Children's Sat. Classes; Younger Children Monday; students by arrangement. Ada Brown Mather, 15 Muswell Hill Road, N10. TUD. 6278.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
DELEGACY FOR EXTRA-MURAL STUDIES
Summer School in Science
26 July-9 August 1961

to be held in Queen's College, Oxford and University Science Departments. Laboratory and Field Courses of Study for one or two weeks in Physics (Modern Physics and Physical Metallurgy), Biology (Microbiology), Geology (The Geology of South-East England) and Chemistry (Molecular Structure); special weekend courses on Isotope Geology and Rodent Biology; and a lecture course on Physics Today. The courses are given by Professors and members of the staff of the Departments of Metallurgy, Geology and Minerology, Entomology, Zoology, Biochemistry, Organic Chemistry, Inorganic Chemistry, the Physical Chemistry Laboratory and the Clarendon Laboratory, and attention is paid to students' preferences in individual work. The programme should be of interest to teachers of science, scientists and technicians engaged in industry, members of adult classes and others who wish to extend their knowledge and understanding of Science. Fee £12 per week inclusive (reduced rate for students from certain adult classes £9); weekend courses: Isotope Geology £4 6s.; Rodent Biology £5 15s. Brochure and application form obtainable from the Secretary, Science Summer School, Rewley House, Wellington Square, Oxford, telephone Oxford 57203.

HOLIDAY Drama Schools. Several 7-day Courses. One Evening Course. Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, & Studio Theatre, Kensington. Director: Marian Naylor. £9 9s. & £6 6s. Syllabus: Mrs W. Patterson, 6 Lonsdale Road, Barnes, SW13. Tel. WIM. 2161.

RUSSIAN Summer School: 3-weeks tuition Moscow from 15 July; hostel accom., excursions. Low price, limited numbers. Min. qualification 'A' level GCE or equiv. Details from: SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8. (WES. 1572).

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. 8 May to 15 Sept. 1961. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self-government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 5560.

JERSEY. St George's Preparatory. Vacancies boarders following extensions. Prog. methods. Headmaster R. G. H. Job, B.Sc. Four scholarships for September. Preparation Common Entrance.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset, school farm. TT cows. All-round practical & cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Principal: E. C. Urban.

NEW Sherwood School, co-educational, progressive, parent-owned, has at the moment limited vacancies for boarders. Epsom 9619.

SCHOOLS—continued

THE Town and Country School accepts a small group of boarders, boys and girls, from the age of five. Emphasis on Progress in Education, especially in the technique of Modern Language Teaching. 38/40 Eton Avenue, NW3. SWIss Cottage 3391. E. Paul, Ph.D.

SCHOLARSHIPS

S. WINIFRED'S, Llanfairfechan. North Wales Coast. Woodard School. Midland Division. A half-fee, a £100 and an £80 scholarship, and others of smaller value, will be awarded on the result of an examination to be held on 17 and 18 May. All particulars and Entrance Forms from the Head Mistress, to whom these must be returned by 11 May.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

CANONBURY. Modern furnished house. 3 Bedrooms, Large Recep., Bathroom, Kit. Garage, etc. Rent 15 gns p.w.

HIGHGATE. Attractive, furnished 1st floor flat, comp. 3 Rooms, Kitchen, Bathrm and all cons. Rent 8½ gns p.w.

Apply: WARMANS, Surveyors,
HIGHBURY CORNER, N1.
CAN. 2233.

W14. Furn. divan-room, gas-fire & ring, use bathroom, phone, linen, crockery. 5 mins Central Line. 55s. Box 2107.

N1. Comf. furn. flat, b/s. room & kit., use of bath. 50s. Easy access to City & West End. Sgle bus. girl. Box 2206.

HAMPSTEAD, furnished studio-room, garden flat. Box 2368.

LUXURIOUS divan-room in Court. C.h., c.h.w., 6 gns. Prof. or business persons. Refs. BAY. 1533. Box 2372.

NEWLY dec. single rm, htg, light, linen, c.h.w. 2 mins tube. W2. 63s. PAR. 7260.

HOLIDAY flatlet. Sleep 2/3. Cooking facils, c.h.w. 98 Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington, W8. Phone BAY. 5985.

S/C. flat welcomes girl 1 May-9 July, £11 mnth incl. gas/elec./char. Own room. 30c Upper Addison Gdns, W14. PAR. 6594.

CLAPHAM Common, 2 large rooms, use of bath, etc. Cheap to quiet elderly lady or gentleman. Box 2179.

2 unfurn. or part furn. rooms in West Hampstead flat. Vac May. Mod. rent to right person. HAM. 4777 before 11 a.m.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

LOVELY rm S. Hamp. Exc. trans. inc. City. Secl. gdn. 67s. 6d. Full use k. Dom. serv. Prof. hsld. Refs. Box 2219.

ITALIAN/German stud. reqg rm (h. & c.). 30 mins West End, phone TUD. 0651.

BED/sit., separate kitchen, furnished, for business woman in professional woman's flat (music-lover) nr Clapham Sth tube. £3 p.w. BAT. 6907 or Box 2233.

HIGHGATE: part-furn. 2nd floor flat, 3 rooms, k. & b., frig. Box 2266.

LGE sunny bedsit. own ckg facs, share bath, some baby sitting. CHI. 8365.

BUS./prof. woman offd share pleas. mod. flat, 1 occupant. Own rm, ELG. 5454.

SITTING-room and separate bedroom, 5 gns, also bed-sitting-room 3½ gns, in large top floor Gloucester Road flat. Meals and service by arrangement. Box 2277.

FLATS, flatlets and bedsitting-rooms, also holiday flats for long and short periods available through your NW London specialists. Our comprehensive service includes light removals. Personal Accommodation Serv Ltd, 28 Church Row NW3, HAM. 0027

SALCOMBE: furnished, modern house to let for holidays. Sleep 4. Vacancies: May - 29 July, 26 August - Oct. 10-15 gns per week. Daily help. Box 2170.

CORNWALL, mod. cottage, slp 6, to let May-Oct. Adj. harbour, shops. Furness, 'Slipway Cottage', Back Lane, St Ives.

CORNWALL: Two furnished cottages to let; (to sleep 6 & 4) midway between Penzance (4 miles) and St Ives (5 miles) for one week or longer. Dates available in May, June, July and September. Details from J. E. B. Wright, 102A Westbourne Grove, W2.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

MIDDLE-aged Oxford graduate wants comf. room in quiet London surroundings, pref. with breakfast, where he can complete research studies, Mon.-Fri. from beginning of June. Complete freedom essential. Box 2174.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES

50s. by surface mail to any address in the world (25s. for six months.)
U.S.A. $9 (surface) $19 (air).
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NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

ACCOMMODATION WANTED—cont.

S/C. flat within 30 mins Euston for Indian engineer with Doctorate from Engl. Univ. & wife (Indian). No chldn. £5-£6 p.w. Intellectual atmosphere pref. Box 2406.

PROFESSIONAL woman reqs b/s. rm, use kit, quiet hse, Hampstead. Box 2220.

ECONOMIST writer (Italian) is looking Baker St area for quiet room for a modest sum. Considerate tenant. References supplied. Box 752.

TOWN Clerk, wife, Trinidad, sk flat for London hol., May-Oct. Box 2237.

YOUNG teacher and wife working for D.Phil. wish find unfurn. flat between Putney & Bloomsbury. £250-300. Box 2270.

REC. rtd teacher (f.) reqs furn. flatlet nr Tube. Mod. rent. GRI. 3577 aft. 7 p.m.

BACHELOR becoming step-father must have 3 rooms and kitchen, Primrose Hill/Regents Park area. Small beautiful unfurn. Bloomsbury flat to exch. Box 2072.

DISABLED ex-officer, very poor, seeks rent cottage with land. Box 2182.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

ILL health forces retirement. Attract. freehold Cotswold cottage with flourishing café, in market town. 4 bedrms, all mod. amenities, lge outbuildings. Box 2239.

REMOVALS & EXPORT PACKING

PACKING, Shipping and Household Removals. Estimates free. Bonners, Welling, Kent. Dial BEXleyheath 5751.

WHERE TO STAY

THE CLIFTON HOTEL
EASTBOURNE

Comfortable Hotel. Passenger lift to all floors. Hot & cold water. Fires in all rooms. Reduced prices for children. Cocktail Lounge and fully licensed bars. Restaurant and Grill room. Garage adjacent. 5 minutes from sea. Brochure with pleasure from Resident Manager, Clifton Hotel, South St. Tel. Eastbourne 327.

'OLD Vienna', Ovingdean, Brighton. The friendliness and warm hospitality of an Alpine châlet. Viennese proprietress welcomes children and pets. Moderate family terms. Phone: Rottingdean 2426.

SUSSEX. Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Tel. 448. Comf. accom. gd food. Reas. terms. Children welc. Riding, Fishing.

SOMERSET Orchard Chalet: mod. cons, 14 mls sea. S.a.e. The Firs, W. Chinnock.

SUSSEX. Glyndebourne visitors and others welcome 18th Cent. Lamb House, Chapel Hill, Lewes. Comf. rms, b'fast. Tel. 3773.

EDINBURGH. Dunedin Hotel, Gillsland Road. Personal attention in well-appointed Residence. Own grounds near City Centre. Bed & breakfast 21s. to 25s.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse. Beautiful & remote position Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geirionydd. Mod. comfort, good food & fires. Friendly & informal, 7-8 gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 566.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, good, exclusively vegetarian meals, comfort & friendly atmosphere. Broch., Mr & Mrs N. Lusby, VCA Mems. Tel. 508.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 426.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country 5s. posted N. S. Hilton, Sundial House, Torquay.

BRITAIN'S best Holiday Farms, Country Guest Houses, Caravans, etc; 1,500 reviews illus. in 1961 Guide. Send 4s. 1d. Farm Guide, (B7) 18 High St, Paisley.

THE Brickwall Hotel, Sedlescombe, Sussex. A picturesque old house, now a comfortable warm well-run Hotel in terraced garden fronting village green. Good motoring centre for SE England, only 55 miles London. AA, RAC. Excellent food, well-chosen wines. Tel.: Sedlescombe 253

MIDHURST district. A quiet country holiday off beaten track, no traffic, no crowds. Putting, billiards, Badminton. AA, RAC. 4 acres grounds. Southdown Hotel, Trotton, nr Petersfield. Rogate 93

COME and relax in Ireland. Rambling Georgian house, lovely Wicklow hills. Sea 1½ miles. Comf., h. & c., bathrms, own farm produce. Dublin 16 miles, exc. bus service. Poss. sea fishing, golf, riding. 7 gns. Tolstoy, Easton Hse, Delgany, Co. Wicklow.

ROTHENEUF (St Malo) Brittany. Pension Yvonne, from 36s. (June 31s.). Sandy beaches. Bthg from hotel. Engl. refs.

FOOD AND DRINK

A GALLON of oil couldn't smooth some troubled waters. But just try a glass or two of El Cid Sherry. That's the wonderful warm-hearted Amontillado that soothes the most ruffled.

OPERA & BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
Covent Garden, WC2

THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA
24 & 28 April at 7.30 Peter Grimes
26 & 29 April at 7.30 Rigoletto

THE ROYAL BALLET
25 April at 7.30 Ondine
27 April at 7.30 La Fille Mal Gardée
29 April at 2.15 Giselle
Box Office Tel.: COVent Garden 1066

SADLER'S WELLS
(TERminus 1672)
NEW OPERA COMPANY
24, 26 & 29 April at 7.30
VOLPONE Francis Burt
25, 27 & 28 April at 7.30
THE PRISONER Dallapiccola and
L'HEURE ESPAGNOLE Ravel.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8.0, S. 5.0, 8.0, Th. 2.30, 'Breakfast for One.' Members.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745, 7.30, Thurs. & Sat. 2.30. 'Altona' by Sartre.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. 8. S. 5, 8. 'Glory Be', Irish musical.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'The Affluent Athenian', new satire by Derek Hall, Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

ASIAN MUSIC CIRCLE
President: Yehudi Menuhin

(1) Weekly (Thursdays) Lecture-Recitals on Asian Music and Dances, at 7 p.m. at 38 Russell Sq., WC1 – 27 April, 'Flamenco Dances' by well-known Dancer, Inesita. Admission 2s. 6d.

(2) Asian Music & Dance Academy – Classes to teach Dances (Bharat Natyam, Kathak, etc.), the Sitar, Tabla and Singing.

(3) Detailed information re. Membership, Main Concerts, & Seminars from the Director, AMC, 18 Fitzalan Road, London, N3 (Tel.: FINchley 2934).

TAGORE CENTENARY
CELEBRATION COMMITTEE
GREAT BRITAIN

Homage to Tagore

Monday, 8 May 1961 at 7.30 p.m.
ROYAL ALBERT HALL

In the Chair: H E Mrs V. L. Pandit, Readings from Tagore by Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson, Indian Music & Songs by Mrs Rajeswari Dutta, India's famous Tagore singer who is coming specially for the celebration here, and Tagore Address by the Rt Hon. Viscount Hailsham.

SIR ADRIAN BOULT
LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Fantasia on a Theme of Thomas Tallis – Vaughan Williams; Chamber Symphony (world première) – John Mayer; Enigma Variations – Elgar.

Tickets (2s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. & 10s. 6d.) now on sale. KEN. 8212 & TCCC, 31a John Adam St, WC2. TRA. 6465, TRA. 2110 & FLE. 1821 and usual agents.

CARL Dolmetsch with his Sons & Daughters, & Joseph Saxby. Bowen and Walsworth 1st perfs. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room. 27 April, 7 p.m. Tickets: 3s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 9s. 6d., at Hall.

CONCERTS—continued

FRANK Merrick. In celebration of the 58th Anniversary of his first piano recital in Wigmore Hall on 25 March 1903. Phantasie K.475 (Mozart), Sonata, Op. 90 (Beethoven), Sonata, Op. 42 (Schubert), Sonata, No. 3, Op. 28 (Prokofiev) and works by Bach, Chopin, Brahms, Debussy, Ireland, Bax. Wigmore Hall, Sat. 29 April at 3 p.m. Tkts: 10s., 7s., 4s., at Hall (WEL. 2141) and Ibbs & Tillett Ltd, (WEL. 8418).

POETRY and Music. 4 Recitals Tues. 6.30 begin. 25 April. Elizabethan: J. Ormerod Greenwood & Desmond Dupré (lute); 18th Century: Christopher Hassall & Anthony Milner (harpsichord); Romantic: Patrick Garland & Joan Davies (piano); Modern: Denis McCarthy & Margaret Kitchin (piano). Course 7s. 6d. Single recitals 2s. 6d. Details from Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, SE1. (WAT. 6872).

GUITAR Recital: J. D. Roberts, Burgh House, Hampstead. 26 Sept. at 8. Vihuelistas; Ponce, Sonata III.

ENTERTAINMENTS

early hitchcock
and
British thrillers of
the thirties
Ring
NATIONAL FILM THEATRE
WAT. 3232/33

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). The Bolshoi Co. in Tchaikovsky's 'Eugene Onegin' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 23 Apr.: Bergman's 'The Face' (X). From 24 Apr.: Trevor Howard, Orson Welles, J. Cotten in Carol Reed's 'The Third Man' (A)

MAY Day Dance, Saturday, 29 April, Finsbury Town Hall, 8 p.m. All Labour Party members invited. Tickets 3s. 6d. by post: 108 Shepherdess Walk, N1.

DANCE – Studio X Club, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, WC1. 22 April, 7.30-11 p.m. Tickets: 4s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions, Impressionist pictures: Renoir, Sisley, Monet, framed and unframed, at 11 Great Turnstile, WC1. Catalogue 2s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Nigel Henderson – Photographs – Paintings – Collages. Until 20 May. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1. HYD. 6195. 'Kadinsky – The Road to Abstraction'. Adm. 2s. 6d., students 1s. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12.

MOLTON Gallery. William Turnbull: Sculpture. 19 April-6 May. 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Flowers, decoration or more? – Paintings of the 19th and 20th century. Weekdays 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Until 8 May: Sculptures by Bloc; Paintings by Pillet.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Dubuffet – Fautrier – Mathieu – Poliakoff: Paintings. Until 13 May. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Henry Israel. 10-5.30. Thurs 10-1. Saturday 10-7.

'THE Human Head & Figure'. Paintings by Bacon, Burra, Kossoff, Freud, le Brocquy, Sutherland, Messenger, Vaughan, etc. at Spode House, Hawkesyard Priory, nr Rugeley, Staffs. Until 24 April.

NATIONAL Art Treasures from Korea. Arts Council exhibition. Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 7 May. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tue., Thur. 10-8; Sun. 2.30-6. Adm. 2s. 6d.

MORRIS & Company 1861-1940. Arts Council Exhibition. Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 30 April. Weekdays 10-6; Sun. 2.30-6. Admission free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GERMAN Book Exhibition, Royal Festival Hall, 25 April-5 May. Daily (incl. Sundays) 2 p.m. to 10 p.m. Admission free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10.5. Admission Free.

NEW London Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. 10-5, Sats 10-12. Ten Sculptors and paintings by Tadé.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq W1.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Leonelli – Collage – paintings. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 29 April. 142 New Bond St, W1

THE Waddington Galleries, Watercolours of the period 1888-1910: Jack B. Yeats 10-6. Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAY 4419. Muiden: tapestries woven on the Roman looms in Syracuse. Albert Garrett: paintings on end grain box wood. 17 April-6 May. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New Pntgs: Alistair Grant. Until 6 May.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Edmond Kapp: a retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings 1911-1961. 20 April to 19 May inclusive. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

AGNEW Gallery, 43 Old Bond Street, W1. Drawings of Italy by Vanvitelli. 9.30-5.30. Saturdays 9.30-1.0.

LECTURE AND MEETINGS

Inaugural Meeting of the Cuba Defence Committee

IN DEFENCE OF CUBA

Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Square, W1,

TUESDAY, 25 APRIL,
7.30 p.m.

SPEAKERS: MICHAEL FOOT, MP,
PAUL JOHNSON,
CONSTANCE CUMMINGS, ETC.

Admission free.

CONTROLLING the Commanding Heights of the Economy – Rt Hon. Harold Wilson, MP, speaks at Conference organised by the London Co-operative Society Political Committee on 27 May, at NUR Assembly Hall, Euston Road, NW1. Questions and discn. Credentials (1s. each: state organisation) from Frank Beswick, Pioneer House, 348 Grays Inn Road, WC1.

NLR Education Group meets on Tuesday, 25 April, 6 p.m. Partisan Basement.

HUGH Gaitskell speaks to the New Left. Questions and discussion. Members only. Tickets 3s. each (s.a.e.) from Secretary, NLR Club, 7 Carlisle Street, W1.

LONDON NLR Club. Meeting on Trade Unions, 24 April, postponed.

'THE Teaching of Drama and Theatre in American Universities', a lecture by Paul Kozelka, Associate Professor of Speech, Teachers College, Columbia University, New York. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Friday, 28 April, at 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

'USA'. America today – a filmed visit to almost every corner of modern America. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Thursday, 27 April, 6.30 and 7.45 p.m. Admission free.

MAPAM Discussion Group – 'Israel's Foreign Policy at the Crossroads', introduced by P. Merhav. Saturday, 22 April, 8 p.m. at 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6.

A LITERARY Evening – The New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern St, London, W1. Wed. 26 April, 8 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—contd

NEWMAN Association, 31 Portman Square, W1. Aylesford Review Lectures – May, Wednesday evenings, 8 p.m. 3 May: 'Richard Jefferies' by Henry Williamson. 10 May: 'Aspects of Family Living' by Gabriel Fielding. 17 May: 'John Gray and the 1890's' by Fr Brocard Sewell. 24 May: 'Ronald Firbank' by Neville Braybrooke. 31 May: 'Baron Corvo Reassessed' by Alexandra Zaina. Ticket for the series, 15s. Single tickets 3s. 6d. Apply, with s.a.e., to Public Relations Officer, 31 Portman Square, London, W1.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'Anglo-American Co-operation in World War II' will be delivered by Dr F. C. Pogue (Director of the George C. Marshall Research Foundation) at 5 p.m. on 2 May at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St, Aldwych, WC2. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Acad. Registrar.

PUBLIC Meeting, Thurs. 27 April, 7.30. Committee of 100. 'The Occupation of Parliament Square – 29 April'. Spkrs: Rev. Michael Scott, George Clark, Ralph Schoenman, Ernest Rodker, Dr Paul Mathews (Lect. Nuclear Physics). Alliance Hall, Palmer St, SW1 (Nr Caxton Hall). Adm. free.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Members' Introductory Party. Dancing to The Melody Men. Members Free, Guests 2s. 6d. Wednesday 26 April, 8.30-11 p.m. Landscape Design III. Art Into Landscape. Speakers: Geoffrey Jellicoe, L. J. Fricker, Dargan Bullivant. Chairman G. P. Youngman. Thursday 27 April at 8.15 p.m. Members 2s. Non-members 3s. 6d. Friday 28 April at 6.30 p.m. Richard Ellman: 'Oscar Wilde'. Members 2s. Non-members 3s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 21 April, 8 p.m. Alexander Lieven: 'Russian People'. Fri. 28 April, 8 p.m. Alexander Werth: 'Russia – what next?'. Sun. 30 April, 3 p.m. at French Inst., Queensberry Pl., SW7, Soviet Films, 'Bread and Roses'; newsreel. Seats may be reserved for all events.

'THE American Civil War', a lecture by Alan Barker, Headmaster, the Leys School, Cambridge; author of 'The American Civil War'. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Wednesday, 26 April, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

A READING of Parodies from Chaucer to Beerbohm by Dwight Macdonald, American author and critic; editor of 'Parodies: an anthology'. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Tuesday, 25 April, 6.30 p.m. Adm. free.

SHAW Society. Friday 28 April at National Book League, Albemarle St, at 7 p.m., Joint Meeting with H. G. Wells Society. Dr L. E. C. Hughes, 'Wells and The World Encyclopaedia'.

WORLD Congress of Faiths, 23 Norfolk Square, W2. Tuesday 25 April 1961 at 7.30 p.m. Lecture by Mr Eric Baker (Friends' Home Service Committee) on 'Ministers of Reconciliation'.

R. VEDANTA Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Sun. 23 Apr. 5 p.m. Swami Ranganathananda (Ramakrishna Mission, New Delhi): 'Meeting of East & West in Swami Vivekananda'. Thurs 27 Apr., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: Swami Ghanananda: 'Monism, India's Gift to the World'.

PERSONALIST Group. Hans Jaeger on 'Kennedy, Kruschev and Mao: is a détente possible?'. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Fri. 28 April, 7.30 p.m.

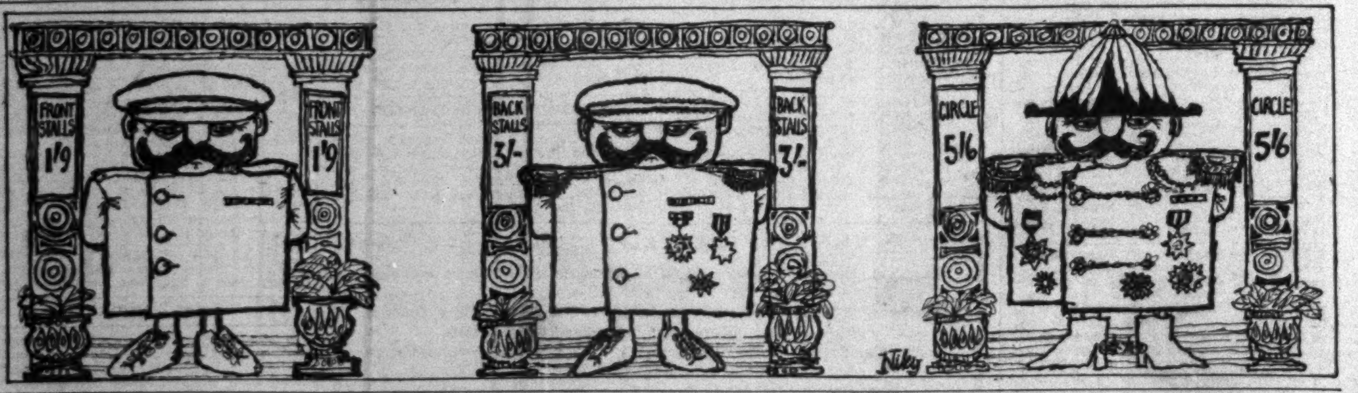
THE Role of the New Nations at UN – Robin Dixon (Gen. Sec. Nat. Peace Council) Burgh House, Flask Walk, NW3. Sat. 22 Apr., 2.45 Hampstead Humanist Soc.

GURDJIEFF and Ouspensky's Teaching. New Realm Study Group. Livingstone House, Carteret St, Broadway, SW1. Every Wednesday, 7 p.m. Admission 4s.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London HQ, 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

A KEY for you – to the Psychology of Daily Living. Oscar Köllerström, Caxton Hall, SW1. Fri. 28 April, 8 p.m.

LECTURES, etc.—contd on p.647



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